

The Messenger

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

Rev. J. C. Boker, L. M. M.

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Poetry.

THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

The Church of Christ that He hath hallowed here
To be His house, is scattered far and near,
In north and south and east and west abroad;
And yet in earth and heaven, through Christ her
Lord,

The Church is one.

One member knoweth not another here,
And yet their fellowship is true and near;
One is their Saviour, and their Father one,
One Spirit rules them, and among them none
Lives to himself.

They live to Him who bought them with His
blood,
Baptized them with His Spirit pure and good,
And in true faith and ever-burning love
Their hearts and hopes ascend to seek above
The eternal Good.

O Spirit of the Lord, all life is Thine.
Now fill Thy Church with life and power divine,
That many children may be born to Thee,
And spread Thy knowledge like the boundless
sea. —A. G. Spangenberg, 1747.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Missions in California.

The North Pacific Coast, including Oregon and Washington, is, as we have seen, an open door for missionary efforts to the Reformed Church. It is a new world, in which teeming millions will find a home at no distant day, and where now the foundations of a mighty empire are being laid. The same may be said of California, the gold coast in the south. It is already pretty far advanced in realizing its outward destiny. But so far as the kingdom of God is concerned, it is as yet in a great measure chaotic and not as yet organized for its great mission. All kinds of people are there, and all kinds of human material at hand to be used in building up the Church of Christ, where but a few years ago nothing disturbed the silence of the wilderness but the cry of wild animals or of wild men. It is an immense missionary field, where all Churches may labor together and reap rich harvests. The foreign Germans are in all the towns, cities and country in swarming numbers, just as they are found almost everywhere. Many of them are distinctively Reformed and wish to have Reformed ministers, but many of them came out of the United Church of Germany, and are willing to fall in with any Church that concerns itself for their spiritual welfare. Here there is a large and interesting field for the Reformed Church in which to cast in its sickle. Thus far we have accomplished something; made a beginning, but not as yet fully realized our expectations. The cause probably is, that we as a Church have not sustained our missions out there as prayerfully and as energetically as we might. The measure of success hitherto, instead of a source of discouragement, should rather be an inducement to more strenuous efforts, to a more generous support of our missionaries

and to more persistent prayer for the Divine blessing on our missions. The Rev. Henry Kroh and the Rev. Frederick Fox were the first missionaries of the Reformed faith on the Pacific slope in California. The former has fallen asleep and rests from his labors, the latter has been for many years at his post. Domestic afflictions and failing health have made it advisable, that he should be relieved of his labors for a season at least. As soon as a successor can be secured to take his place at Napa City, he will come eastward and seek a field of labor among his old friends and classmates in the east. Many will be glad to see him, and we hope his presence among us will stimulate a wider interest in California missions. The Rev. J. H. Krüger, the only other missionary of our Church in California, still has charge of the mission in San Francisco, where there are at least 60,000 Germans. He has been laboring in this field faithfully, making many self-denials and contending with many difficulties in carrying forward the work committed to his hands. The Church has to contend with financial difficulties, but has thus far sustained itself. The pastor is surrounded by a small, but tried band of members, who love the Church and sustain him in his trials. Last fall the Rev. Julius Fuendeling took charge of the congregation at Stockton, which was formerly a mission, but is now self-sustaining. His coming was hailed with sincere pleasure by the congregation, and he has made a very good beginning, which needs only diligence, faith and prayer, in order that his work may result in a large and substantial increase. It is the wish of the missionary council in the East to utilize the services of Mr. Fuendeling in exploring the ground around him and in starting missions in other towns and cities of the State, where the German population is already large and increasing. He has consented to perform such labor beyond his own congregation, until the Board is prepared to send other missionaries to labor by his side. In a recent letter he says that missions might be started at Sacramento, San Jose, Oakland, Virginia City and other places, where there are many Germans, and where he expects to make visits and preach, as he gets time and opportunity. He speaks of a friend of his, who recently visited him at Stockton and informed him, that he and several other Americans had built for themselves a Reformed church at Tehuma, and now wish a Reformed minister, one who can preach in the English language. Four of the families interested are German, the rest are American. He also no doubt very truthfully remarks, that what is needed among our people in California is to show them, that the Church in the East is earnest in looking after her members scattered about in the far off West. There is much to stimulate our warmest zeal and interest in these harvest fields along the Pacific coast. There is also much to encourage brethren to labor there. In after years, their names will not be forgotten, but reverently remembered, just as we now honor and cherish the names of the first missionaries, who laid the foundation of our Church in Pennsylvania and neighboring States.

Missions at Easton, Pa.

Without finishing his visitation of the churches in Berks or Lehigh county, the Superintendent found himself on Sexagesima Sunday, as the almanac calls it, at Easton, the capital of Northampton county. It is a place where the Reformed people have, for many years, been active in good works. They have provided well for themselves. They have a fine church and steeple, a fine parsonage, a fine lecture-room and other fine things, if we may use this so common adjective in regard to so many different things. They possess one of the most valuable church properties within our bounds. But it cannot be said of them by any means, that their liberality has been circumscribed by anything like local boundaries. For many years it has been flowing out steadily in all directions and gone into all our church treasuries. It has assisted our seminaries and schools of learning, our publication interests, our orphan homes, and with a liberal hand helped the cause of missions and beneficiary education. For more than forty years this has been the case, and in many ways the congregation has been blessed. In watering others it has also been watered. In such a

congregation, it is no necessary to press the claims of missions to show that giving to such objects is a duty. They were glad to hear of the progress of the good work. We had, therefore, attentive, and interested hearers, when we spoke of the progress the Church is making and what it is endeavoring to do in supplying the waste places of Zion. It was thought best not to take up a formal collection for immediate relief at the time. Every Sunday the ordinary collections are devoted to benevolent purposes, and of course a part of these gifts are given to the missionary cause. But an announcement was made, that contributions would be received privately from those who should volunteer to give something to meet present necessities. The invitation, we learned, was not unheeded. We met with some who offered us contributions as we passed along the streets. As we were not on a collecting tour, we told them to hand over their gifts to their pastor. Something, no doubt, will be done in this way. The congregation is in peace and harmony and the Sunday services well attended. They will excuse us for referring to their good works. We do it here, not because they desire it, but to encourage others to persevere in well doing. It will no doubt be pleasant to many to learn, that our old friend, Dr. Porter, for many years connected with our institutions at Lancaster, with an honorable name in the annals of science, is now actively engaged in the practical work of the Church.

St. Mark's.

For a long time the missionary contributions of the church at Easton had gone to the support of missions in distant places; but a few years ago, without abating its efforts in that direction, it went to work to build up missions within its own borders. The result was the erection of a beautiful church at the west end of the town and the organization of St. Mark's congregation, which has gone forward rapidly and prosperously. In a recent letter he says that a mother church with a liberal hand. It still receives encouragement and material help from the same source. It is doing well under its new pastor, Rev. T. O. Stem. We had the pleasure of preaching for the congregation in the evening. As the brethren had been exerting themselves in paying off some old debts, it was not deemed proper to ask for a large collection. The usual penny collection, considerably enlarged, was converted into a missionary collection for immediate relief.

Grace Church on College Hill.

St. Mark's church was never a mission. It belonged to the department of church extension under the supervision of the late Dr. Beck and his congregation. Grace church on the hill above the town is a mission in the proper sense of the term, and has been for several years under the care of the Board of Missions. That, however, has not had the effect of diminishing the interest of the mother church in its success and prosperity, nor prevented her from giving solid help to this her second daughter, that has just started out in life by her side. It also is due to the missionary interest that has been active in the old church. It is doing well under the pastoral care of the Rev. D. Y. Heisler, one of the authors of the "Church Fathers," well known to our ministers and churches. The outlook of our churches at Easton is encouraging and suggestive. In other places in eastern Pennsylvania the work of church extension might be carried out with good effect. One thing we missed at Easton. There is no German church there and yet there is a large German population in the town. The Lutherans and the Catholics have this field all to themselves. But where there are foreign Germans, there are always some Reformed families. Once on a time, when we made an examination at Lancaster, we found many of such families, enough to form a large congregation.

Jehovah, Jesus our Shepherd, careth for his feeble as well as for his strong ones, with all the sympathies of our nature and all the power of deity.

NEVER begin with obedience—you will never attain it! Begin with faith, and upon faith found this—"He that loveth me, keepeth my commandments."

Selected.

THE RELATION BETWEEN REVEALED RELIGION AND NATURAL THEOLOGY.

Does the knowledge of God derived from Revelation stand in any way in contradiction to Natural Theology, so that one excludes the other? And if we allow that they agree, and indeed postulate each other, for which of these two factors must we claim precedence?

Reason and revelation have of late very often been placed in opposition to each other, because the existence of a corresponding *antithesis between faith and knowledge* is taken for granted. The assumption of this antithesis is now so general, that there are not a few even among Christians who accept it. "With the head a heathen, at heart a Christian," as Jacobi has put it—this is the conclusion at which they would wish to stop, allotting to faith the feelings, to knowledge the understanding and reason, as their exclusive domain. It is high time that this *fundamental error*, the consequences of which are for the most part good-naturedly overlooked, should at last be recognized as such. In the first place, it is certainly psychologically impossible to sever feeling and understanding as opposed to one another. No one faculty of the soul can be brought into action separately without the others being at the same time exercised. In every act of the understanding, feeling and will are more or less involved; and feeling itself when perfected is one with understanding. We may well distinguish between the different functions of the soul, but we must not sever them from each other.

The same relation exists between faith and knowledge. The severance of the two, as mutually excluding opposites, indicates a superficial tone of thought. For all knowledge is, in the first instance, the medium of every act of intelligence. Are you surprised at this proposition? The usual rationalistic axiom is certainly the reverse of it,—namely that everything must first be proved and known before it can be believed. The superficiality of this axiom may, however, be readily perceived. Is not every act of knowledge based upon an act of faith,—namely, the belief that we are and that we think? This fact is always presupposed. But on what does its certainty depend? On our thinking? Can this possibly prove its own actuality? Would not this be to move in a circle, and presuppose that which is to be proved? The certainty of our thinking depends simply on an act of belief. Just as the eye never sees itself, so also the self-knowledge of the mind is not a self-held belief, but "an ideal cognizance, a radical though mediated knowledge, i. e., *scire credendo*" (Delitzsch), a knowledge mediated by faith. It is by the direct testimony of our own minds that we are convinced of the fact that we exist, think, wake, and dream; and this fact neither needs nor is capable of proof; we merely believe it.

Or what is the case with learning? In every act of learning, must not a believing be presupposed, some belief in the authority of the teacher, and in the truth of that which is taught? He who does not start with this belief will never learn anything. And does not all philosophizing depend on faith? If a philosopher does not believe in the wisdom with which the world is filled, he cannot be a lover of wisdom. When a philosopher presumes to look down on faith, it is a proof that he does not know on what ground he himself is standing. And in every single act of cognition, does not belief form a connecting link necessary to its completion? In every cognition of a sensible object, the first decisive step is the sensuous perception; the second, often so momentary as to be scarcely perceptible, is the inward intellectual cognition directed to the super-sensuous. In this, also, the first point is an assent to or affirmation of it; whereupon follows the cognition properly so-called.

From this you see that faith is really a

preliminary and a medium of all cognizance, and that all knowing is conditioned by an act of believing. *He who believes nothing, knows nothing.* "As its ultimate basis, even the most radical unbelief has one and the same principle of knowledge with Christianity and every other positive religion—the principle of belief in given matters of fact, on the ground of the original and direct testimony of the human mind" (Fabri). He who believes this—and every one must do so—will find it a contradiction to reject the testimony of Christian and religious consciousness to the existence and the inward experience of some supersensuous world. The existence of this, as of the material world, can never be proved by mere reasoning; to this must be added an experience based on belief. If such testimony is allowed to be valid as regards the material world, why not as regards the supersensuous? —*Theodore Christlieb, D. D.*

A DISHONEST AGE.

Among the characteristics of the times, we are living in, there is not much mentioned by the many popular speakers, who seem to think the men they speak to, are to be benefited chiefly by being assured how much wiser and better and more "progressive" they are than any of their fathers were, who suppose the age is to be instructed by being flattered, and that the country needs to be glorified, rather than to be purified; which was certainly not the way of the old prophets.

The characteristic I mean is dishonesty. I am not discrediting any of the actual modern merits—intelligence, enterprise, invention, philanthropy. Grant all these, in large degree. Nevertheless, they do not bring with them honesty in proportion. Falsehood and fraud flourish along with them, in spite of them, and in some cases by the help of them. From the vulgar sediment of society, up to its highest summits, there spreads a tremendous force of selfish materialism—call it sharpness, or call it crime—by which men reach after and snatch and call their own, for use, or for show, or for hoarding, what is not theirs. It is stolen property, only stolen ingeniously and indirectly, and in such ways that the old forms of law, which undertook to punish outright robbery, fail to overtake them. Not in a few rare spots, but in every spot where two or three hundred people live together, a part of these people consume, or lay up, or waste, what belongs to other people, and what they have managed to get by some species of deception. What natural production of the earth is there, meant for the sustenance or comfort of man, that is not adulterated by some degrading mixture, or shortened in the measure? Do not the devices of Anglo-Saxon traffic repeat, in faithful exactness, the devices of the Jew, denounced by the prophet, making the ephah of the seller small, and the shekel of the buyer large; selling the refuse for wheat, and "falsifying the balance by deceit?" What a mechanical work is there where the base material, or the shabby construction, or the overcharge, does not disgrace the handicraft? What branch of commerce without its delusive labels, its broken promises, its advertising fictions, its postponed payments, its calculated bankruptcies, its hollow contracts? Men who will not suffer their respectability to be challenged, look one another in the face, and with a mutual jugglery of knavish tricks conspire to grow rich by villainy. The brilliant audacities of the great commercial centres have their lame and creeping copies, hardly less cruel or calamitous, back in the little rural villages, in sight of grave-yards, where sleep the ashes of clean handed ancestors, living and dying, in their day, in the faith of a God who has righteousness and judgment for the habitation of His throne. Outside the Church are financial Ahabs and social Jezebels. Inside are Ananias and Sapphira, tacitly agreeing together to lie to the Holy Ghost, pretending to give to God, for missions or Bible societies, a hush-money fragment of what they have seized from their fellow-men. Too often there is no Peter with the courage to search out their sin—"Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much." The grand difficulty with our popular piety is, that it is still trying to find a way in this nineteenth century of the Gospel, of serving two gods together.—*Bishop Huntington.*

Family Reading.

BEYOND THE HILLS.

Beyond the hills where suns go down,
And brightly beckon as they go,
I see the land of fair renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome; and my haste
To join it cannot brook delay,
O song of morning, come at last,
And ye who sing it come away!

O song of light and dawn of bliss,
Sound over earth and fill these skies!
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies!

Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing;
Praise for creation's second birth,
And glory to creation's King!

—H. Bonar.

LEARNING HER VALUE.

"Just what I have been expecting for about seven years," said Miss Pauline Worthington, looking from an open letter in her hand with a frowning brow.

"Is not your letter from Herbert, Lina?" questioned Mrs. Worthington, a tiny, silver-haired old lady with a gentle expression.

"Yes, mother. Essie is very ill with low, nervous fever, and they want me to come and stay until she is better. The carriage will be sent at three o'clock, 'mother,' and Miss Pauline's eyes snapped. "I think it is about time Bert's tyranny over that little martyr was ended. He's killing her."

"Lina! He is your brother."

"I can see his faults if he is."

"I never heard Essie complain."

"She never would. But look at her. Nine years ago, when she was married, she was a lively sunbeam, so bright and pretty. Now, pale, quiet and reserved, her voice is seldom heard, her smile is seldom seen. A wintry shadow of her former sunny brightness! Now she has broken down. You have seen her at home, but surely when she is here you see the change."

"Yes, dear, she has changed; but family cares—"

"Has Louie changed so? She has been twelve years married."

Mrs. Worthington was silent. Louie was her oldest child, and presided over the home in which her mother had been a crippled prisoner for fifteen years. She took all the household care, and had five children, and yet Louie had gained in beauty, and certainly in cheerful happiness, since her marriage, even if the sport of girlhood was gone.

"Henry appreciates Louie," said Lina; "there lies the difference between her happiness and Essie's dejection. If there is any domestic trouble Henry and Louie share it, while Herbert shifts it all upon Essie. He is an habitual fault-finder."

"Perhaps, dear, Essie is not as good a housekeeper as Louie. Herbert may have cause to find fault."

"Once in ten times he may. I never saw a faultless house or housekeeper; but Essie and her house are the nearest approach to perfection I ever did see."

"You never spoke so before, Lina."

"Because Louie and I thought it best not to worry you with a trouble beyond your help. But firmly believing, as I do now, that Herbert is actually worrying his wife into the grave, I intend to give him a lesson; that is, if you can spare me to go?"

"You must go, dear. I can get along nicely."

So, when Herbert Worthington sent his carriage, Lina was quite ready for the fourteen miles drive to her brother's house. It was a house wherein no evil spirit of repining and fault-finding should have found an abode. Spacious, handsomely furnished, with well-trained servants, and all the comforts wealth could furnish, it seemed a perfect paradise to visitors. But a very demon lurked there to poison all, and this demon Lina had come to exorcise.

For the first fortnight Essie took all her time and care, the gentle spirit hovering very near the portal of the eternal home. There was a babe, too, six months old, and its wants filled all the spare moments. Herbert snarled and fretted over domestic shortcomings, but Lina peremptorily forbade all mention of these in the sick-room, having the doctor's authority for saying that the patient's very life depended upon quiet.

But when convalescence commenced, Lina sent Essie and the baby to visit old Mrs. Worthington, and took control of Herbert, the older children, and the household, fully determined to show her brother how far he carried his absurd habit of fault-finding.

The first dinner saw the beginning of the lesson Lina meant to teach, by practically illustrating some of Her-

bert's absurdities. Herbert entered the dining-room, his handsome face disfigured by a frown.

"Soup!" said Herbert, lifting the tureen cover; "perfect dishwater!"

"Susan," said Lina, sharply, before Herbert could lift the ladle, "take that tureen to the kitchen, and tell Jane the soup is not fit to eat."

Susan promptly obeyed. Herbert looked rather ruefully at the vanishing dish. He was especially fond of soup, and the savory fumes of the delicious dish were tantalizing. Essie would have had some gentle excuse for it—she never whipped off his dinner in that way. All dinner time Lina kept up a dingdong at Susan about that abominable soup, till Herbert heartily wished he had said nothing about it. But his imagination had detected a burnt flavor in the pudding, and before he could remonstrate, that dish had followed the soup.

"I'll get this house in some sort of order before I leave it," said Lina, emphatically.

"Before you leave it," said Herbert, sharply. "Do you suppose you are a better housekeeper than Essie? Why, I have not a friend who does not envy me the exquisite order of my house and my dainty table."

"Herbert, you surprise me. Only yesterday I heard you say you did wish there was ever anything fit to eat on the table."

"One don't expect every word to be taken literally," said Herbert, rather sulkily. But an hour later, finding a streak of dust in the sitting-room, he declared emphatically "it was not fit for a pig to live in."

Coming into it the next morning, he found the curtains torn down, the carpets taken up, the floor littered with pails, soap, and brushes, and Lina in a dismal dress, her hair tied up in a towel, directing two women, scrubbing vigorously.

"Good gracious, what are you doing?"

"Cleaning this room."

"Why, Essie had the whole house cleaned until it shone, in the fall, and didn't make half the muss," he added, contemptuously.

"Well," said Lina, slowly, "I thought this room a marvel of neatness myself, but when you said it was not fit for the pigs, I suppose you wanted it cleaned."

"The room was well enough," was the curt reply. "For mercy's sake, don't turn any more of the house upside down."

At breakfast, a tiny tear in Louie's apron caught her father's eye, and by his own angry statement she never had a decent stitch of clothes, and he did wish "somebody would see to her."

Two days later a formidable dry goods bill was presented at the store, and Lina explained it in this wise:

"You said, Herbert, that Louie hadn't a decent stitch, and you wished somebody would see to her, so I bought her a complete outfit. I could not see any fault myself, but of course I got more expensive articles, as you did not like those already provided. I am glad you called my attention to the poor, neglected child."

"Poor, neglected child!" echoed astonished Herbert. "Why, Lina, Essie fairly slaves herself out over those children. I am sure I never see any better dressed or neater."

Lina merely shrugged her shoulders. A month passed. Essie gained strength in the genial atmosphere surrounding Herbert's home with a rod of iron. Herbert began to experience a deep longing for Essie's gentle presence. Lina took him so very literally in all he said, and yet he could not rebuke her for doing exactly what he openly wished.

A chair with a tiny spot of dirt being declared absolutely filthy, was upholstered and varnished at a cost of eight dollars. A dozen new shirts, Essie's last labor of love, being said to "sit like meal bags," were bestowed upon the gardener, and a new set sent from a furnishing store. Harry's blocks were burned at the kitchen fire when Herbert, stepping upon one, said he "would not have such rubbish in the house." Every window was opened after a pettish declaration that the "room was as hot as an oven," and an hour the stove was fired up to smothering heat because he declared it "cold enough to freeze a polar bear."

In short, with apparently an energetic attempt to correct all shortcomings and put the housekeeping upon a perfect scale, Lina in one month nearly doubled her brother's expenses, and drove him to the verge of distraction, keeping actual account of every complaint.

But Essie, well and strong again, was coming home. On the day of her expected arrival, Lina, with a solemn face, invited her brother into the sitting-room for a few moments of private conversation.

"Herbert," she said, very gravely; "I have a proposition to make to you. You are my only brother, and I need not

tell you I love you very dearly. It has really grieved me to the heart to see how much there is to find fault with in your beautiful home."

Herbert twisted himself uneasily in his chair, but Lina continued:

"You know that mother is very dependent on me, Louie having the house and children to care for, but I think she would sacrifice her own comfort for yours. So, if you wish, Herbert, I will come here permanently, to keep things in order for you."

Susan promptly obeyed. Herbert looked rather ruefully at the vanishing dish. He was especially fond of soup, and the savory fumes of the delicious dish were tantalizing. Essie would have had some gentle excuse for it—she never whipped off his dinner in that way. All dinner time Lina kept up a dingdong at Susan about that abominable soup, till Herbert heartily wished he had said nothing about it. But his imagination had detected a burnt flavor in the pudding, and before he could remonstrate, that dish had followed the soup.

"Not at all. A man who has made an unfortunate marriage certainly needs all the aid and sympathy his family can give him."

The last straw was laid upon the camel's back. Herbert spoke hotly:

"You are entirely mistaken, Lina! I have not made an unfortunate marriage. If ever a man was blessed in a wife, I am that man."

"You amaze me, Herbert," Lina cried, in well-feigned astonishment.

"I do not see why you should be surprised. Essie is gentle, loving, orderly, a model housekeeper, and a perfect home angel—God bless her."

"Herbert, is that true?"

"Certainly it is true."

"I cannot believe it," was the slow response.

"Cannot believe it! Why?"

"Because"—and Lina dwelt impressively upon every word—"during the nine years of your married life, though visiting here frequently, I never heard you speak one word of encouragement or praise of Essie. I never saw one look of approbation or appreciation of any effort she made for your comfort upon your face. Continual fault-finding, constant blame, have changed her from a happy, winsome girl to a pale, careworn woman. Even her last illness was but the unbroken despair of a heart crushed under a load of daily censure, and constant striving for the approbation never given. And you tell me now she has never failed in her duty to you. There is a grave error somewhere."

The sadly earnest tone, the face of thoughtful gravity, sent every word home to Herbert Worthington's heart. He spoke no word of self-defence as Lina slowly left the room. In the profound silence that followed, conscience reviewed the past, and he knew that his sister had truly spoken the truth. The habit of fault-finding, meeting no resistance in Essie's gentleness, had gained in force till all its monstrosity stood revealed in the experience of the past month.

In the days when Essie lay dangerously ill there had been no self-reproach like this in her husband's sorrow. He had given his wife a fair home, an ample income, frequent social pleasure, many costly gifts, and loved her faithfully, while poisoning her whole life.

"God help me," he whispered, "to conquer this fault. Essie shall hear no more fault-finding, and if I see her drooping I will send her to mother and have Lina back again."

Never had wife and mother warmer welcome than greeted Essie. The children were uncheckered in their loudest demonstration of delight. But Lina had to rush into the hall to hide her merry eyes when Herbert, kissing Essie, said:

"We must let mother have Lina now, dear; she has been very kind and worked hard for my comfort; but there is no home-fairy like my Essie."

The quick, glad look in his wife's soft eyes told Herbert that one step had been taken in the right direction. As the days glided by, and Essie found appreciation meeting every effort to add to home comfort, a word of praise for every little triumph of cookery or needle-work, her pale face grew bright with untold happiness. Gradually the care-worn expression was obliterated by one of sweet content, and Herbert found his own heart lighted by the cheerful voice, the sunny smile, the bright eyes of the Essie he had wooed years before.

And Lina, making a visit six months later, told her mother, on her return:

"Herbert has learned his lesson by heart, mother. He appreciates Essie now at her value, and he lets her know it."—*Home Companion.*

A CHEERFUL WOMAN.

What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a little piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something

great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest." So day by day she literally renewes his strength and energy, and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.

MOTHERHOOD.

"Her lot is on you"—woman's lot she meant, The singer who sang sweetly long ago; And rose, and yew, and tender myrtle blent, To crown the harp that rang to love and woe. Awake, O Poetess, and vow one strain To sing of Motherhood, its joys, its pain.

What does it give to us, this mother love—

In verse, and tale, and legend glorified,

Chosen by lips divine as type above

All other passions? Men have lived and died For sisters, maiden queens, and cherished wives, Yet, sealed by God, the one chief love survives.

Yet what is it gives us? Shrinking dread,

Peril, and pain, and agony forgot,

Because we hold the ray of gladness shed,

By the first cry from lips that know us not,

Worth all that has yet been paid, is yet to pay,

For the new worship, born and crowned that day.

Then nursing, teaching, training, self-denial

That never knows itself, so deep it lies,

The eager taking up of every trial,

To smooth Spring's pathway, light her April skies;

Watching and guiding, loving, longing, praying,

No coldness daunting, and no wrong dismayng,

And when the lovely bud to blossom wakes,

And when the soft shy dawn-star flashes bright,

Another band the perfect flower takes,

Another wins the gladness of the light;

A sweet, soft, clinging, fond farewell is given;

Still a farewell, and then alone with heaven.

With heaven! Will He take the tired heart,

The God who gave the child and formed the mother,

Who sees her strive to play her destined part,

And, smiling, yield her darling to another?

Ay, on His cross He thought of Mary's woe;

He pities still the mothers left below.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

BREACH OF PROMISE IN JAPAN.

After a Japanese lover has proven false to his vows, the deserted maiden rises at about two o'clock in the morning, and dons a white robe and high sandals or clogs. Her coif is a metal tripod, in which are thrust three lighted candles; around her neck she hangs a mirror, which falls upon her bosom; in her right she grasps a hammer and nail, with which she nails it to one of the sacred trees that surround the shrine. Then she prays for the death of the traitor, vowing that if the petition be heard, she will herself pull out the nails which offend the god, by wounding the mystic tree. Night after night she comes to the shrine, and each night she strikes in two more nails, believing that every nail will shorten her lover's life, for the god, to save his tree, will surely strike him dead. It is a curious illustration of the hold superstition yet has on the Japanese mind.

"PUSSY WANTS A CORNER."

During a recent delightful visit to spend the Sabbath at the hearthstone of a Christian brother, we had a pleasant and suggestive experience. His young wife and himself have an unusual share of business, social and church duties, and responsibilities resting on them. Notwithstanding this they allow nothing to prevent their entering into the games and amusements of little Herbert and his younger sister and brother, Miriam and Albro, respectively aged three, five and seven years. The father, though a young man, is the head of a large and intricate business in New York City. He is an elder also, in a suburban church, whose pastor depends on him for more and greater services than from any other one in his flock. In the business and musical department of the church and its Sabbath-school, as well as their other specific, religious and social work, he is, as a common phrase expresses it, "the main spoke in the wheel." The mother is burdened with a corresponding number of weight of cares at home and in the parish.

On the occasion referred to, however, we came in out of a dreary storm which was raging down the valley and over the mountain. After the "bounteous board and right good cheer" of their hospitable Saturday evening meal, and their discharge of other home duties, we joined these little ones and their parents in a few games of "Pussy wants a corner." Then followed other games and song-singing, with reading and telling stories to the "bairns." The children at last grew weary, and were taken to their couches, and borne on

Miscellaneous.

LICHEN.

R. M. E.

Little lichen, fondly clinging
In the wild-wood by the tree;
Covering unseemly places,
Hiding all thy tender graces,
Ever dwelling in the shade,
Never seeing sunny glade.

Little lichen, emblem sweet
Of a friend, whom I now greet,
She, too, dwelleth in the shade,
Finest not for sunnier glade,
Clinging to the dear home-walls,
Where scarce a ray of sunshine falls.

Yet in her heart such love abideth,
That she like thee dark places hideth;
She would not be a roadside flower,
Nor long to dwell in sunny bower;
She loves the deep and woody shade,
She loves the dark that God has made.
She is not dazed with golden glare
Of worldly joy, however fair;
And in her little corner shineth,
A purer light, my soul divineth,
Than any earthly sunshine bringeth;
A light from Him to whom she clingeth.

—*Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

DEPTH OF OCEAN.

The work of three years and a half, employed in sounding and sampling the waters and sea-bottom of the Atlantic, Indian, Southern, and Pacific Oceans, and in collecting specimens of their animal life, has left a great deal of quiet studious labor to be done at home. Sir Wyville Thomson is only now enabled to give us an account of that part of the exploring task which includes the North and South Atlantic, and which was executed at two different periods—namely, in the first twelvemonth, and in the voyage homeward from the Falkland Isles. Mr. Wild has endeavored to combine some of the general views of hydrography gained or improved by that expedition with the comprehensive results of experimental and scientific inquiry up to the present time.

With regard to the deep-sea fauna in general, Sir Wyville Thomson has arrived at some conclusions which are to be held subject to contradiction or confirmation by the future advance of positive knowledge. Of these, we should say, the most important is his opinion that "animal life is present on the bottom of the ocean at all depths." Tables are presented showing the comparative frequency of more than twenty distinct groups of marine animals at depths of between 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms, and a few beyond that limit. The dredging apparatus hitherto used cannot do much service at greater depths; yet it has been ascertained that well-developed creatures of all the invertebrate classes do actually live below 3,000 fathoms. Sir Wyville Thomson even thinks it not improbable that fishes contrive to exist over the whole floor of the ocean. We are nevertheless told that the number both of individuals and of species diminishes after a certain depth. Yet this is ascribed not to the enormous pressure, or to the absence of light, as has been often supposed, but rather to the lack of materials necessary for their growth in the chemical ingredients of the bottom deposits, and consequently of the bottom water. A deficient supply, not only of oxygen, but of carbonate and phosphate of lime, seems to be the most unfavorable condition at such depths. It is the lime, chiefly, in the calcareous deposits covering the raised portions of the Atlantic bed, and consisting of the dead Globigerina and other Foraminifera, that alone enables many large animals to live there. The organic matter also connected with the substance of those shells is thought likely to yield nitrogenous aliment to the higher forms of life. Sir Wyville Thomson was formerly disposed to think that the little creatures which produce the "Globigerina ooze," and the like of which have composed the chalk of our South Downs, themselves lived at the bottom of the sea. He has now been convinced, by the evidence which Mr. Murray collected from the Challenger's dredging and trawling, that Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys was right in asserting the habitation of all these Foraminifera to be at or near the surface. He gives a precise account, with engraved drawings of the Globigerina, the Orbula, and the Pulvinula, whose shells carpet the ocean floor over a breadth of several thousand miles. There is, he thinks, reason to believe that the oceanic fauna divides itself into an upper marine world, living at or near the surface, and an "abyssal fauna," dwelling on or near the deep bottom, while, from the intermediate depths of water, the principal forms, vertebrate and invertebrate, are almost entirely absent. We can but receive these axioms, in the present imperfect state of scientific acquaintance, with the facts, as hypothetical propositions, the truth of which may possibly be questioned.

The Atlantic north and south of the

line, within tropical and semi-tropical latitudes, was diligently examined by the Challenger during a seven months' cruise in her first year out. She crossed from Teneriffe to the Antilles, thence passed northward to the Bermudas, and, after an excursion to Halifax, returned eastward to visit the Azores and Madeira, finally running to the south, touching the Brazilian coast, and inspecting St. Paul's Rocks and the isle of Tristan d'Achunha, on her way to the Cape of Good Hope. This was crossing the ocean four times in different lines, along which, at 140 stations, soundings were constantly taken, with samples of the bottom mud, and usually with the temperature of the bottom water. There were besides, in some regions of the Atlantic, serial observations of the temperature at successive fixed depths, which are shown by the tables and diagrams of "isothermabaths" and "isobathymeters." These are novel terms, denoting respectively a line drawn through points of equal temperature in a vertical section, and one drawn on the surface of the globe, touching the points where a certain temperature is found at the same depth. The result is a tolerably consistent and intelligible description of the general shape of the ocean bed, with its plateaux and ridges forming three great basins; also the composition of its bottom, the direction, volume, and force of its currents, and the distribution of its warmer or colder masses of water.

It appears that an elevated tract of submarine ground, the depth of which below the ocean surface may average 1,900 fathoms, extends lengthwise through the North and South Atlantic, midway between the Western and Eastern continents, with a great double bend round the bulging coasts of Africa and South America, roughly following the outlines of the continents. This prolonged and tortuous ridge in the axis of the general ocean bed is joined at its northern extremity to the well-known plateau that stretches across from Ireland to Newfoundland, upon which our first Atlantic cable was laid. Its southern extremity is attached by an eastward branch to the Cape of Good Hope. Its western edge, about the middle of its length, a few degrees north of the Equator, touches the coast of Guiana. The result is obviously to partition off the whole Atlantic into three separate basins. The eastern basin, long, narrow, and winding, extends from just outside the Bay of Biscay, passing between Madeira and the Azores, to the west of the Cape Verde Isles, thence turning eastward into the Gulf of Guinea, and keeping by the African coast to near the Cape. On the American side there are two basins; first, a northwestern basin, which is the smallest but the deepest of the three, situated outside of the line from the Antilles to Bermuda, in the centre of the vast bight formed by the North and South American coasts, secondly, a southwest basin, which lies nearly parallel with South America from the latitude of Fernando Noronha—that is to say, from near the Equator. The eastern and the northwestern basins, it will be perceived, are closed, in each case, by the position of the central ridge with its branches or attachments to the continents on either side. They are closed, we mean, so far as concerns their nether depths, beyond the average of 1,900 fathoms prevailing over the elevated parts of the ocean bed. The southwestern basin, on the contrary, is believed to be open, at its lower extremity, to the main southern ocean. It is the funnel by which continual supplies of cold water, some of it below freezing-point, are for ever poured into the Atlantic; but as only the upper layers of its waters pass over the barrier ridges into the northwestern and eastern basins, their bottom temperature is not affected by the deeper currents from the Antarctic region. Sir Wyville Thomson's demonstration of this matter, from the isothermabathic curves and other indications by his diagrams, will be perused with much interest, as well as his account of the general system of thermal exchanges, the conflict and combination of differently warmed currents throughout the Atlantic. The Gulf Stream, which is more familiar to most of us, belongs rather to the interior economy of these home seas than to their connection with the all-surrounding ocean.

The effect of scientific revelations, we must confess, is to remove from the subject, as one of pure imaginative contemplation, that romantic sense of mystery, and that delightful notion of possible infinite dimensions, which the idea of the ocean has often inspired. We are now told that 3,875 fathoms is the greatest depth anywhere in the Atlantic, while the greatest depth of any sea, in the Northwest Pacific, is but 4,575 fathoms; and these are probably in exceptional hollows. The ordinary depth of the eastern Atlantic basin is 2,500 fathoms, and that of the two western Atlantic basins is 3,000 fathoms. We can now fancy the ocean bottom, which to the eye, if it could be seen, would

appear an interminable flat, the elevations being extremely gentle, and very slight in relation to so vast an area. Globigerina ooze, the product of inconceivable billions and trillions of animal lives, overspreads the raised portions of the sea-bottom, at depths not much exceeding 2,000 fathoms. But at greater depths, we are informed, this calcareous deposit is superseded by a fine reddish-brown clay, silicate of the oxides of iron and manganese, with alumina, which constitutes the floors of the three Atlantic basins. There is also much pumice and other volcanic matter lying about down there. No vegetation is believed to be possible so far out of reach of air and light. The circulation of water, and its influence on temperature, must be considered, after all, the most important subject of the studies. It seems likely to yield many practical benefits, which can already be foreseen, in a better knowledge of causes determining the climate and weather on land, as well as in safer navigation. Meteorology is yet an infant science; its future growth will perhaps owe much to a correct acquaintance with the sea.—*Saturday Review.*

THE ELECTRIC CANDLE.

The experiments with the Jablachoff electric candle at the West India docks, Limehouse, London, were completely successful. A large tent had been erected covering an oblong space of 110 feet by eighty feet, in which four ordinary lamp-posts had been set up, each having a simple spherical globe of opal glass surrounding the disk in which the kaolin and carbon candles were fixed. The electricity was generated by a steam engine of two and a half horsepower. When the connecting wires were placed in circuit, the four candles flashed out a brilliantly white light that was momentarily blinding, notwithstanding the opal globes that materially veiled the intensity of the glare. At a distance of twenty or thirty feet from the opal lamp it was possible to decipher the minutest notes faintly traced with a hard-pointed pencil. When sixteen gas jets with powerful reflectors were lighted, and the electric candles were extinguished, the effect was marvellous. They seemed to shed the faintest glimmer around, and it appeared as if yellow glass had been placed in the lamps, so "jaundiced" was the sickly hue they cast in comparison with the whiteness of the other light. The next stage was the illumination of a large warehouse with only three candles burning in ordinary lamps with rough tin reflectors, and without any opal shades to soften the light. The glow of the incandescent kaolin was in this case so fierce that people turned away from it like owls blinded by sunlight. The illumination, however, was perfect. Except where black shadows fell sharply defined from interposing beams and pillars, every corner of the warehouse was penetrated with light. One gentleman had brought with him a card of patterns in different textures and every conceivable tint. Placed where the rays from one of the lamps fell directly on them, the greens, blues, yellows, reds, purples, and even the most delicate tint of straw color, were as clearly distinguishable as in daylight. After this there was an experiment intended to show the possibility of unloading ships at night. One candle was placed in a common street lamp on the wharf, and one fixed in a hand lamp, with a sufficient length of insulated wire to enable it to be carried about the various parts of the ship. On deck, in the hold, and from end to end of the vessel, this lamp was borne without the light flickering for a second. Wherever it was placed, every object for yards round about was clearly defined. At the same time the light on the wharf was so powerful and widely diffused that the labor of unloading the ship might have been carried on without difficulty.

REVIVING THE EMPIRE OF CONSTANTINE.

Over four centuries ago the Empire of the Greeks fell with the capture of Constantinople by the legions of the Caliph Mahomet II. Adrianople, the seat of Moslem power in Europe at the time, ceased thereafter to be the Sultan's capital, and Stamboul, as the captured Constantinople was called, became the centre of an empire whose destinies have influenced European politics ever since. The history of the Turk since his first landing on the shores of Europe at Gallipoli down to the present day has been one unvarying scene of blood, spoliation and national degradation. A fitful splendor has played around his name because of the successes that attended the first centuries of Ottoman rule in Europe, and because wealth and magnificence are sentimentally associated with the Orient. But the sword-flash of the merciless conqueror and the flames from the regions he visited and

devastated gave the lights and shadows that surrounded his figure in Europe with a lurid glory that is now nearly if it is not quite extinguished. Strange changes have been wrought in Europe since Mahomet the Conqueror stormed the last stronghold of the old Greek Empire and displaced the cross for the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia. But the conditions have changed most disastrously for the Turk himself. A victorious enemy is advancing from Adrianople toward Stamboul bearing the cross to replace the crescent of St. Sophia. The armies of the Sultan are "scattered and strewn" as if the Angel of Death had breathed upon them. The time has almost arrived when the wheel of destiny shall, revolving, carry the Turk below the horizon of national existence in Europe. But after the Turk, what? Even his taking off, though long looked for, must leave a blank such as all Europe will be interested in filling. Poetic justice calls for the revival of the Greek Empire of Constantine, the Great, but international policy and jealousy may raise obstacles to such a measure. We regard the erection of an independent Greek State which shall embrace extensive territory on both sides of the disputed channel between the Black Sea and the Levant, and have for its capital Constantinople, and for its protection the guarantee of all the Powers, as the practical solution of the Eastern question, so far as it affects general European interests. It can also be made the guarantee of particular interests by substituting a peaceable and strictly neutral Power without traditions or aspirations for a warlike but impotent one, which has been, since Navarino, the plaything of diplomacy. It would afford to Russia her rightful freedom for legitimate development without permitting her to menace the interests of other nations in the East and the Mediterranean. Those which England claims to possess in the security of the Suez Canal and her route to India could not be threatened across the barrier of a neutral State protected by all Europe. If they can be menaced from any other direction England must defend them, but she would be certain that, in conformity with the conditions of the new State's existence, her interests must be safe from injury by the Russian naval forces of the Black Sea. Russia could not afford to fight united Europe in violation of the guarantee. The Turk must go. Let what is good in Greece replace him.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Selections.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Where the heart is inclined, there also will the feet turn.

Hearken to reason, or she will be heard.—*George Herbert.*

A stubborn man gets into trouble; a peaceable man is imposed on.—*African Proverb.*

This is what it is to be happy, to believe that our thought is shared before it can be spared.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

Just as a mother gives over her child's weakness and faultiness, but still loves him most tenderly, so God cherishes us, notwithstanding all our frailty.—*De Sales.*

Universal love is a glove without fingers, which fits all hands alike, and none closely; but true affection is like a glove with fingers, which fits one hand only, and sits close to that one.—*Richter.*

Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

O, may the least omission pain
My well instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole.

Knowledge does not comprise all that is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling to be installed; and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education.—*Daniel Webster.*

Science and Art.

Mr. Ruskin has entrusted to the Fine Art Society of London, for exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, the whole of his collection of Turner drawings, more than a hundred in number, and is himself preparing an explanatory catalogue.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR STRYCHNINE.—According to some recent experiments of Dr. Lelli, detailed in *The Lancet*, strong coffee may be successfully used to counteract poisoning by strychnine. The experiments were made upon rabbits, and were tried in consequence of a reported instance of failure in an attempt to poison a family where strychnine had been introduced into the coffee-pot.

AN INGENIOUS WATER-FAUCET.—California is said to have invented an ingenious water-faucet, through which if water is run, it comes out as cold as ice-water. Boiling water placed in any receptacle, and allowed to run through, will be found cool and fit to drink. The faucet contains numerous small tubes inclosed in large ones; and between the outside of one and the inside of the other certain chemicals are packed, which produce the desired effect. The inventor declines to give further particulars.

GLASS TYPE.—*La Patrie* reports favorably on some French experiments to substitute hardened glass for type metal. It is stated that the type-founders' moulds and machinery can in general be used without further change. The new types, made of glass, preserve their cleanliness almost indefinitely; they are said to wear better than metal, and they can be cast with a sharpness of line, that will print more distinctly than is possible with the old type. There will be also the advantage of an absence of half defaced letters, since it is a peculiarity of the hardened glass, that as soon as it is broken at all, it crumbles altogether. But as transparency will not be required in glass used for this purpose, it is believed that a toughness extraordinary even for the hardened glass, can be secured.

FOLK LORE ABOUT ANIMALS.—In a new work on the subject, M. Eugene Rolland tells of a variety of French superstitions and ancient beliefs respecting well known animals. The wer-wolf legends are still of force in Normandy, and certain annual observances among the peasantry have reference thereto. The brains of a rabbit are said to be unfit for food, because they occasion loss of memory. This notion is founded on the belief, that the rabbit runs foolishly into known dangers, on account of a feeble memory; whence, also, to reckless deeds the adjective "hare-brained" is applied. White ferrets are believed by the Norman peasants to be the souls of unbaptized infants. A hint for our Western agriculturists may be taken from a custom in Alsace; when grasshoppers are too numerous there, they are put to flight, it is said, by hanging a few bats on the highest trees in the neighborhood. But, perhaps, even if the bats could be provided, it would be difficult to find the high trees on our Western prairies; and it is by no means certain that our Rocky Mountain locust has a due reverence for bats.

A recent number of the Rochester *Herald* says: Three gentlemen, members of the Amateur Rifle Club, yesterday afternoon were in the town of Brighton target-shooting. The distance was twenty yards; all three were shooting Creedmoor rifles. From the firing point to the target the ground gradually ascended, so that a small telescope, but a good one, firmly fixed to a tree, at a distance of perhaps thirty feet, made a fine point for observation. One of the shooters, while looking through the glass to mark a shot of one of his companions, exclaimed that he saw the ball as it sped on its mission. The announcement was received with incredulity; but one of the other shooters went to the glass, and he also saw the ball almost as it left the gun, and through its whole flight, nearly the whole line of its trajectory, until it struck the target. So interesting and beautiful was the sight, that every shot was watched by one or other of the gentlemen; and it is an actual fact, that the point at which the ball would strike the target could be seen before the ball struck. It was even insisted upon that the rotary motion of the ball could be observed.

Personal.

Rev. Dr. George F. Seymour has finally received the necessary votes of the Episcopal dioceses, to secure his election as Bishop of Springfield diocese, in Illinois.

It is said that Dr. Tyng intends to prepare for publication a history of his work in St. George's parish during the thirty-three years of his charge.

Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost, formerly pastor of a Baptist church in Brooklyn, and latterly in Boston, and who has obtained considerable notoriety for his open-communion views and practice in the Baptist Church, has resigned his pastoral charge of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, and proposes to devote himself to the work of an evangelist.

As to the looks of the new Pontiff, those who know him differ in opinion. Some credit him with possessing a strong and intellectual face, some finding it cold and Machiavellian, while others open, genial, and winning. The same conflict of opinion exists as to his temperament and character. One writer thought he saw in Cardinal Pecci an ambition as devouring as that of a Richelieu or Wolsey: others, with better opportunities for forming a correct judgment, dwelt upon the good-heartedness of the man, his kindly ways, and his aversion to strife.

A cable despatch announces the death of Charles Francis Daubigny, the French painter and engraver. He was born in Paris, February 15th, 1817, and in early life was a pupil of Paul Delaroche. He studied three years in Italy, and contributed from 1838 to all the Expositions. Among his landscape paintings are many which have acquired a world-wide reputation. He was awarded the second medal in 1853, the third in 1855; and the decoration and medal of the first class at the Universal Exhibition in 1867.

Books and Periodicals.

DICKENS' LITTLE FOLKS. Nothing has given the writings of CHARLES DICKENS so strong a hold upon the hearts of parents as the well-known excellence of his portrayal of children and their interests. These delineations having received the approval of readers of mature age, it seemed a worthy effort to make the young also participants in the enjoyment of these classic fictions.

With this view, the different child characters have been detached from the large mass of matter with which they are originally connected, and presented in the author's own language, to a new class of readers, to whom the little volumes will, we doubt not, be as attractive as the larger originals have so long been to the general public.

A series of twelve volumes has been prepared, among others, the following characters: "LITTLE PAUL" from *Dombey and Son*; "SMIKE" from *Nicholas Nickleby*; "LITTLE NELL" from *The Old Curiosity Shop*; "THE CHILD WIFE" from *David Copperfield*, &c., &c.

A new edition of the first volume of this series, "LITTLE PAUL," from *Dombey and Son*, has just been issued, illustrated by Darley, and attractively bound. The other volumes will follow at short intervals.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent post-paid for \$1.00 to the publisher, JOHN R. ANDERSON, Hartford, Conn.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 1759.—March 2, 1878. Contents. March of an English Generation through Life. *Quarterly Review*; *Docteur Lavardin: a Sketch*; *Macmillan's Magazine*; *Shakespeare in France, Nineteenth Century*; *Erica, Frau von Ingelsberg*; *French Home Life*; *Blackwood's Magazine*; *Illustrated London News*; *Saturday Review*; *Walking in Winter*; *Pall Mall Gazette*; *Antoine Cesar Bequerel, Nature*; *Poetry: Wanted*; *Secretary of State*; *Fiat Jusiticia*; *What we, when Face to Face by Littell & Gay, Boston*.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
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 Rev. J. M. TITZEL,
 Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, B. D., } Synodical Editors.

To CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1878.

THE TESTIMONY OF MEN.

"Light, more light," were the last words of the dying Goethe, and some one has thanked [God] for such men as the German poet, if not on their own account, for the Church's sake, because the involuntary testimony that "comes to Christianity from their mournful scepticism is stronger than any labored philosophical defence. One of our contributors has lately dwelt upon the unwilling witness of men to the religion of Jesus. The continued attacks upon Christ and His Church, are themselves confirmations of the living Truth which has been revealed, and against which those of darkened understandings and carnal minds are ever throwing themselves in vain.

But leaving the doubters out of sight, the positive evidence of those who have come to the knowledge of the truth, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, is overwhelming. If we go back through the ages, we find that the children of God have been the athletes of the universe, who through faith subdued kingdoms. The prophets, apostles, martyrs and confessors were not weak men even in human estimation, but those who, themselves once rescued from the thralldom of ignorance and sin, have exercised by grace an elevating moulding influence upon the world's life.

We need not, however, travel into the far-gone past for comforting testimony to our holy religion. Christianity can never be outgrown. And in this regard, it differs from all that has gone before it. Its force is cumulative, and it has gathered under its shelter the great and the good of advancing ages. The last century has been looked upon as a golden period of light and knowledge. Yet those of later years, in whose judgment we would trust and upon whose character we would lean, all link their hopes to the Incarnate One, and thus rest under the wing of the Almighty. And so, if faith ever give way to sight far enough to bewilder us by reason of the greatness of salvation, or because of the mystery of this grace that has apprehended us, we can point to those around us and say, if this is after all a matter of human estimate, the evidence preponderates in favor of the religion of Jesus. Among the "spoils," which the spirit of ancient prophecy promised to the Redeemer, belong the "great" and "strong." And we find this confirmed, not only as far as the kings of the earth are concerned, but also in regard to the personalities to which communities look for advice and encouragement. If we weigh the names of those immediately around us, we will see how largely they help to turn the scale in favor of the verities of Christianity.

But Christianity is not dependent upon its reasonableness, as this may be determined by the intellectual conceptions of men. It authenticates itself to the heart, in such a way that no reasoning, however plausible, can displace it. Its comforting, sustaining power has been so illustrated in the lives of God's humblest saints, that no one would be willing to substitute any thing else for it. A dying mother's testimony is worth more than the argument of a metaphysician, and in view of all the effects of Christian truth upon the lives of men, we can more readily appreciate our Saviour's most solemn appeal, when He says, "Believe me for the very work's sake."

The soul is the life of the body. Faith is the life of the soul. Christ is the life of faith.

ITS OWN REFUTATION.

Is there not too much of some things? Pius IX. died at the age of eighty-six, having lived beyond the time ordinarily allotted to mortals. The length of his pontificate exceeded that claimed for St. Peter, and some years ago, such a thing was spoken of by the Romish journals as impossible and ominous, if not miraculous. But at last "death won," and the approved physician of "His Holiness" gave a certificate in due form, that the "Head of the Church" died of natural disease.

And now we have this exclamation in the *Catholic Review*: "They have killed him at last! seven years, four months and twenty-two days of imprisonment have done their murderous work!"

That may do well enough as an appeal to the prejudices of the ignorant, who are taught to believe, that the law of mortality was suspended in the case of the late Pope, and that all that gave it force was the persistent persecution of those, who would not allow all civil governments to be bound to his chair. We have always heard, that, if a man cannot be a hero, the next best thing to give him notoriety is to claim that he is a martyr. Heroism is claimed for the Pope by his children, but it would be hard, under the circumstances, to substantiate the charge, that he was dogged to death by Victor Emanuel and Bismarck, and such statements as we have quoted will be received with a grain of allowance.

STUDYING GERMAN.

The *Journal*, a German paper published at Kutztown, Pa., of the 21st of February, contains a very sensible article on the importance of studying the German language, and advertises to the special facilities for that purpose afforded at the

Normal School at Kutztown. It opens with a reference to a statement made in the *New York Sun*, that, in many of the elementary schools in Russia, the German language is taught, and in all the higher schools, the study of that language, is obligatory upon the pupils. From the same source it also learns, that, in Chicago, Ill., the study of the German is largely on the increase, so much so that at present nearly three thousand persons of American birth, are studying this language in the schools of that city.

It regards these facts as being enough to put many of our Pennsylvania Germans to the blush. The semi-barbarian Russians are alive to the importance of studying the German language, although the Germans form but a very small factor among the vast multitude of the

people of that nation. The better cultivated citizens of the United States, especially those at Chicago, are also similarly impressed with the necessity of acquiring a knowledge of the German language, and have established schools in which this language is specially taught. In the face of these facts, those who should raise high the banner of German life and character, look on with indifference, as they see the study of the German language gradually pushed out of their schools. This evinces great weakness. Instead of upholding the principle, that two languages can be easier learned together, than one alone, they frequently allow themselves to be persuaded of the opposite, and hence deny their origin and endeavor to swim along with the general current. This is a great error, and should be corrected as soon as possible.

If the natives of our German counties will make themselves felt in the future of America, they must diligently study the English language. If, however, they will be true to the spirit of their forefathers, they must also make themselves masters of the German written language, so that they may not only be able to read the German newspapers, but also have access to the masterpieces of German literature. Fortunately these two objects are not antagonistic to each other; but experience has taught, that a knowledge of languages can be best learned by translating from one language into another, or through intercourse with those who speak them in their purity. Many literary institutions are

aware of this, and hence shape their course of instruction accordingly. Among these is to be classed the Normal School at Kutztown, whose plan of instruction, the editor commands to all teachers in East Pennsylvania.

Every other day all students are required to submit essays. In examining them, the errors that may occur in them are pointed out, and the peculiarities of the language thus impressed upon the mind of the student. The professors, who know from experience the difficulties in regard to language, under which Pennsylvania Germans labor, lay themselves especially out to enable the students to overcome these difficulties. On this account, this institution has stronger claims upon this class of persons, than any other sister-institutions, because it has a special regard to their wants and weaknesses. So much in regard to instruction in the English language.

The German language also receives its full share of attention. There are three German classes in the institution. One is engaged in translating the "Maid of New Orleans." Another, consisting of young men from Boston and Philadelphia, is just commencing to learn the German; whilst the third, consisting of boys in the Model School, is engaged in translating German stories into English. These translations are written on the blackboard, and closely criticised, and contrasted with good English. In this way the attention of the students is called to the difference in the idioms of the two languages, and they also become familiar with their grammatical construction, and thus increase their knowledge of both languages. The news of the day are also read and reproduced in the form of a story. In this way essay writing is made attractive, and much is done towards cultivating a knowledge of the languages themselves.

The editor adds, that it affords him much pleasure thus to state, that the German language receives so much attention in the Keystone Normal School, and regards it as evidence, that those who control the institution are fully alive to what should be its specific mission. If the Pennsylvania German learns English only, he loses more than he gains. But, if he studies both German and English thoroughly, which can be so easily done, he qualifies himself for occupying an honorable and useful position in society, and hence the editor urges all to study the German, as well as the English language. F.

HARVARD EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN.

Harvard University, one of the oldest and wealthiest institutions of the land, is showing a kind of enterprise, which is illustrative of the spirit of the age. It is said of late years, no educated man of New England dies without a bequest to his *Alma Mater*, and Harvard has certainly reaped much advantage from this. Its endowment now amounts to millions of money, and although it has not lessened the cost, as was shown in these columns a few weeks ago, it seems to hold out the idea that a college education is desirable for all youth of this generation; and it has established so many courses, that any young man may elect his studies, and go forth to the battle of life with a diploma in his hand.

This diffusion of classical and scientific learning, it looks upon as the hope of the country, although unsanctified knowledge may amount to very little in the end.

But Harvard has gone further than to provide for the young men, who may have the means to repair to Cambridge. It has inaugurated a system, by which the women of the country may submit to examinations, and, if successful, go into the world holding permanent certificates of competency from the faculty. To this end "Centres," as they are called, have been established in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, and these Centres will doubtless be multiplied, until one can be found in every large town in the country. Certainly the ladies, to whom this matter has been committed here in Philadelphia, are persons whose standing precludes the idea of any intentional fraud. Yet,

Professor Stille, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, has shown, in the March number of the *Penn Monthly*, that the system here proposed can never accomplish the good its authors honestly propose. The professors must have these simultaneous examinations, at far-apart places, conducted by proxy, and their subsequent signatures will amount to no more than if the examining committee had no connection with Harvard whatever. It looks a little disingenuous for a great institution to farm out the prestige of its name in that way.

This will be all the more apparent, when it is remembered how improbable it is, that the persons receiving the certificates can merit them. It will be almost impossible for a young woman, however talented and industrious, to carry on a course of study incidentally and among home cares, in such a way as to attain the same proficiency that could be acquired in a school, where she could give her whole time to the work. If, for instance, she chooses chemistry—one of the specialties mentioned, she will not only suffer from want of the stimulus of the class-room, but from the lack of experiments, so important in studies of the kind. All the apparatus of the laboratory, upon which Harvard prides itself, will be of no avail for her, and yet her certificate will imply that she has had all the advantages of the scientific department of the school that has endorsed her.

In nearly every case such a certificate will represent a false value. The proficiency will not be likely to be as great as that gained by our Pennsylvania girls, with the ordinary facilities of Normal Schools, where nearly every subject required by the Harvard advanced examinations is regularly taught; and yet the "testimonials of culture" given by Harvard will be far more pretentious.

But if the system of examinations is to prevail, why not apply it to boys as well, and that in regard to all studies? Why not let them stay at home and guide the plough, studying between times, and then if they answer given questions on certain days, graduate them, the same as if they had plodded regularly for years, under the immediate instruction of their professors? It must be seen, that this would not only destroy the efficiency of all schools, but break them up entirely. And this is about the tendency at Harvard now. As an evidence of this, we quote from the *Christian Union*, which says: "Those who are in a position to judge give it as their opinion, that it will not be many years before Harvard University will follow the example set by the University of Michigan and abolish 'Commencement.' 'Class-Day' has long been the day of days in Harvard's academic year, and with the breaking up of class lines under the elective system of study, the need of commencement exercises may rapidly disappear. The sentiments of Professor Hill, who now has charge of these exercises from year to year, are understood already to tend in this direction."

And why not? If certificates may be had from Harvard without setting foot in Cambridge, or seeing the professors, Commencements and time-honored regulations are useless, to say the least of it. The University, instead of having a location, will be found lying loose all over the country.

This is the elective system run to seed. It has already lowered the standard of scholarship, and things are fast becoming so attenuated, that the old idea of a college education will soon be lost altogether. The difficulty with the proposed examination, is, that they make everything to depend upon the acquisition of such information, as will enable the candidate to stand a test, and nothing of the training of the mind which is, after all, the main advantage of the college curriculum.

The cramming system at Harvard requires so much more knowledge to enter it, that its old New England feeders, such as Exeter, have determined that it is unwise to attempt to prepare students for it, and they have formally declined to do so. It is certain that the boy, who passes examinations, has but the advantage of a man at a first-class hotel, where the bill of fare is so long and varied, that

he cannot touch half of it. It would do him more good, if there were much less of it, and if the little he eats were of a more substantial quality.

Notes and Quotes.

Some one has announced, that Col. Robert Ingersoll's family shares his religious views, and some one else has added, that "his must be a small family or there would not be enough to go around."

President Seelye at the last meeting of the Amherst Alumni, in Boston, said: "When I see the superficial views of education current in some quarters, and hear men talk about divorcing education from religion, as ignorant legislators talk about divorcing money from the laws of trade, I find opportunity and hope for all the work in this respect which Amherst College can do."

The famine in China of which mention was made in our last issue is absolutely appalling. Lum Bing, a prominent Chinese merchant of San Francisco, who is connected with high officials in China, has recently returned from a visit to his native country, and states that the famine in Northern China is terrible, and instances one district in the State of Santon, where 80,000 out of a population of 96,000 died of starvation last year.

The *Independent* properly says that it is difficult to root out College hazing, because it is not treated as an offence against society.

It says that much will be done for good order and society, when it is "made clear to the student, that expulsion is not the proper and sufficient mode of punishment for assault and battery, and that those who use knives or pistols will be expected to wear striped clothes in the penitentiary."

The *Independent*, which recently said Dr. Hodge "threw up the sponge," seeks to justify its expression by an appeal to the Scriptures. It cites Paul's reference to heathen games, and puts the apostle's classical allusions, on a par with modern prize-ring slang. It even quotes Greek, which it could not well translate to suit its purpose, and then exclaims: "O! Paul, Paul, take off your boxing knuckles and let your body rest, for there is a man of refinement about." "Boxing knuckles," will do; and now cannot the *Independent* go a little farther, and call St. Paul a "Bruiser," or translate what he said about striving lawfully, so as to enjoin men not to "hit below the belt"? No difference, you know; but how would such terms, used interchangeably, sound from a pulpit?

We lay no claim to special refinement, and only asked at first, how the language quoted would do for a paper, disposed to take note of unfortunate expressions, used by its contemporaries.

Dr. Crosby's war on the dram shops of New York city, has reduced them from 7,874, to nearly two thousand less. Dr. Crosby is right and before long he will get the iniquitous and irresponsible liquor traffic so narrowed down that dealers can be held to a strict accountability. His views are far more sensible and his plans will prove far more effectual than those of the zealots, who think that the only true remedy consists in a virtual abolition of the sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In a recent address, according to the *Interior*, Dr. Crosby "affirmed that the wines spoken of in the Bible were fermented, and if used to excess would produce intoxication." Of the correctness of this statement, says the *Interior*, "we have no doubt, nor did any Bible-reader ever imagine any other view until Edward C. Delavan, some thirty years ago, began his crusade on the Christian Churches for the observance of the Lord's Supper."

A notorious Congregational preacher, according to a correspondent of the *Presbyterian*, recently exercised his gift in a church of his own denomination in Chicago, "by permission of his lecture agent." This, as the aforesaid correspondent truly intimates, shows the au-

thority the preacher recognizes for declaring the truth of the gospel. The Apostolic Commission is nothing. The preacher "denied, that man's reason is naturally depraved, or clouded, or perverted, by sin of any kind. It is naturally capable of doing all that God's law requires it to do. Any one person, under favorable circumstances, can learn and know what any other person can learn and know. No one is born with a knowledge of geography or music, but any one can learn them without supernatural aid. Just so no one is born with a knowledge of divine thing, but any one, by the aid of his natural reason, can apprehend, to the necessary extent, God, the way of salvation, the way to communion with God. He needs no supernatural light or guidance to enable him to do so."

The announcement, that the house of Smith, English & Co., have been obliged to make an assignment, will be a matter of regret to all, who are interested in securing good books. For thirty years this house has been known to ministers of all denominations, and even those who have ordered through their own Publication Boards, have looked upon Mr. John A. English, as a gentleman, to whom they might refer for information in regard to any book they might desire. His knowledge of bibliography is unsurpassed, and it may not be an exaggeration to say, that there are thousands all over the land, who are indebted to him for works which they would not have been able to obtain without his aid. Mr. English has the confidence of all who know him, and there is a general wish expressed not only that his store may be continued as a valued institution, but that his health may be restored, and that his services may long be available. There is an effort being made to keep his collection of rare old and valuable books together, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column. The public cannot well spare the store nor the man; for institutions of the kind are not the growth of a day, and Mr. English's retirement would be like the withdrawal of an Encyclopedia.

Among the Exchanges.

A special correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, writing from the theatre of the Eastern War, under date of January 18th, pays this tribute to Mrs. Mumford, who is in the service of the American Board of Foreign Missions:

As I was hurrying through the streets of Philippopolis the day before yesterday, an hour or two after we occupied the town, I saw a little printed American flag stuck in the corner of a building away up on the top of the rocky hill that is piled up with houses, jumbled together at all angles and in every conceivable form of architecture. Nothing could have been more unexpected than the sight of this little flag, and my first impulse was to rush into the house and investigate the matter, but I was unable to do so for a moment, being on a mission which required haste—to put a stop to plundering in a portion of the city not yet occupied by troops—and consequently did not get an occasion to visit the owner of the flag until the next day. I met at the door a very easily recognizable type of an American woman, and she asked me into a room which was so strangely furnished that I could not believe my own eyes. American painted furniture, American chromos in black walnut frames; "God Bless our Home" worked in worsted; "Scratch my Back" on perforated card board; little vases on brackets, even rocking-chairs to sit in. It was like making a single stride from Roumelia to America to cross that threshold. I found I was in the home of Mrs. Mumford, who had been in this city, with the exception of a recent visit to America, the past seven years, first in the service of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and later acting independently in the interests of education. She had arrived from her trip home shortly before General Gurko crossed the mountains in summer, and reached Philippopolis just in time to open a hospital for the wounded, who came in from Eski Zara and to give shelter and protection to numbers of Bulgarians. All through the horrible scenes of the succeeding months, when more than three hundred Bulgarians were hanged in the streets here, she remained at her work. The panic which started here, when Saleiman Pasha announced his intention of burning the town on the approach of the Russians, did not affect her any, as I can find out, and I believe she is about the only householder in the town, who did not pack up the furniture to escape. Certainly her devotion to the work she has undertaken solely in the cause of humanity, deserves every praise.

The *North Carolina Presbyterian* tells its readers what is the cheapest thing in the world:

The cheapest thing in the world is preaching. Did you ever make the calculation of what the average regular attendant upon church pays for his privilege?

Take as an instance a pastor whose salary is \$1,200 per annum—twice the average amount—ordinarily there will be at least two hundred people regularly attending his preaching. This makes the allowance of \$6 per an-

num for each hearer. There are 52 Sabbaths in the year. This foots up 104 discourses. 104 sermons for \$6 makes each one cost *less than six cents*.

The result then is thirty-five minutes of interesting, thoughtful discourse upon an all-important subject paid for with *less than six cents*! The speakers are men carefully prepared by a long, laborious course of training to speak upon these subjects. Take them as a whole, they are far better qualified for their duties than any other professional class of men; they are certainly fully as faithful to these duties. They prepare their discourses with great care, and call to their aid every branch of learning, and the result is paid for at the rate of *six cents a head*! This rate, too, is taken from the most favorable situations. *Three cents* would be too high a rate for the average hearer. Now; considered merely as a matter of literary enjoyment or intellectual culture, where is there anything so cheap? And this leaves out of the count the weekly lecture.

The *Press* speaking of the terms of peace for Turkey's acceptance says:

Some over-sensitive people think, that the terms of peace to which the Turks are subjected by the Russians are too hard. They forget the faith of Constantinople when taken by Mahomet II. That Christian capital and boulevard of Roman and Greek civilization was delivered up to lust and rapine for three days. Its libraries, the depositories of all the works of the ancient writers, were burned, and their ashes scattered to the winds. Over 50,000 of the population were sold or carried into slavery; an indiscriminate massacre of the multitude of men, women, and children who had fled to the Church of St. Sophia flooded its pavement in blood. The churches and monasteries were plundered of their sacred vessels and treasures, and the greater part of the Christian places of worship, including the magnificent Cathedral of St. Sophia, the pride and glory of the reign of Justinian, were converted into Turkish mosques, the cross removed from their domes, and the crescent put in its place. With the fall of Constantinople in 1523, Christian refinement and civilization in the East gave way to Mohammedan brutality and sensuality, and the Oriental world was covered with gloom and despair. Letters ceased to be cultivated, a darkness, like that of the Middle Ages in Southern and Western Europe, settled over the territory of the Greek Empire, and the Orient lapsed again into a semi-barbaric state. For over four centuries the Christians of Turkey have been subjected to the most cruel and sanguinary despotism; they have had no rights before the law that any Mussulman was bound to respect; the spirit of progress has been crushed by exorbitant taxes to pamper the sensual appetites of their rulers. If ever a people deserved the sympathy and commiseration of the world it is the Christians of Turkey.

The Russians do not propose to inflict on the Turks treatment like that to which they subjected the Greeks. They dispossess them of a city and country, which they have misgoverned and impoverished, and of which they forcibly deprived its ancient possessors. A conqueror cannot justly complain if he is divested by force of arms of what he gained by superior might. Had the Turks been benefactors to the country, had they identified themselves with its people, and promoted their prosperity and happiness, there might be some cause to regret their expulsion from Europe. But as the reverse is the case, they are rightfully compelled to leave a land which they have blighted with their presence. During their stay in Europe they have waged incessant war against modern ideas. If all Europe is not Mohammedan at this day, it is only because the repeated effort to make it such, was checked by the disastrous defeat of the army of Mohammed IV. before Vienna in the seventeenth century. It is full time that the city of Constantine the Great, the first Christian capital of the Roman Empire, should again become a Christian metropolis.

Speaking of the "Decay of Reverence," the *Churchman* recently had these timely observations:

No one can deny, that there is a decay of reverence. Even those examples, which might be cited to the contrary, will, we think, be really found to belong to the same side of the question as the more open scoff and wanton ribaldry of which this present day is so full. Much of that which is called American humor, and which is managed with remarkable skill, derives its force from the ludicrous aspect, which it contrives to throw around sacred things. We are led to ask why this is so? Why is the suggestion of an anachronism, the mixture of modern circumstances with ancient sacred history, so very comic? The painters in the middle age must, in some instances, have been aware that they were introducing the features of their own life and manners into their pictures; that German castles had no place on the hills of Palestine, or Venetian dresses in the streets of Jerusalem. But neither they nor their admirers had any thought that there was anything ludicrous in all this. They had too much of faith and reverence for the subject to let any treatment of it degrade it. The essential thought of a Divine truth to be portrayed was theirs, and that shaped it worthily, whatever the garb which accident might give it. Why is it, we ask, that the present time finds its acme of amusement in this incongruity of the past and present?

It is, we believe, first, from want of faith in that past. So long as it is kept under a veil of decorous mistiness it is all very well. These people of "Bible times" do not trouble one at all. They are as mythical as the knights and dames of the Round Table legends. But once bring them into reality, suggest that they ever moved and breathed, and were of like passions with the men of to-day, and the average mind is startled and shocked. And next we hold that the prodigious self conceit of this age has much to do with this. It swells with conscious superiority, as the clerk in a city counting-house, who goes back for his first holiday, swells amid his country school fellows.

And lastly, we are of the opinion, that we can trace this to still another reason. The ones who most offend are often the very ones who should guard the popular reverence. They are using their scholarship, ingenuity, and ability to destroy it. Cicero, if we remember rightly, said that in his day two augurs could not look each other in the face without laughing. The same reason obtains here. A large part of the religion of the present time is in keeping of men, who have,

so to speak, made it. They have been trained to the manufacture of standards of belief. The highest premiums have been held out for originality of views and vigor of statement. The first article of that religion has been the importance of private judgment. The idea of revelation has been merged in that of discovery. Men do not respect what they make. And those of whom we speak have first made and then outgrown the platform on which they profess to stand.

They are not quite ready to throw away the popular belief, on which they obtained their place, but they are not full of conviction as to what they preach and teach. And they see that the winners of the great prizes are those who have dared to treat most lightly the popular opinion. It may be very true that these inconoclasts are entirely sincere. It is probable that they are, for no man tradeges successfully upon insincerity. But the popular imitators of the common herd mistake the irreverence for daring, and think that the proof of originality is found in deriding what ever the majority holds sacred. The root of the mischief is found, we think, just where we have traced it. It is disbelief of whatever is received. Science has done away with tradition in its departments. Every new fact, of necessity, disturbs the balance of the old. And there is a modern school of thought, which undertakes to treat religion as just that same sort of variable quantity which science is. It has no idea of a "faith once delivered to the saints." Its latest belief is the let result of its last half-hour's study, with grammar and lexicon, over the pages of *Holy Writ*. For the Bible is to it simply a lump of clay, to be manipulated into the forms of the latest fashion of idolatry.

The men who have been graduated from this school, who have gone out into the world, and who have laid down the calling for which they studied, are the most guilty. Holy Scripture is something, the main use of which is to furnish jokes. Offensive as is the familiarity of the fanatic, the ignorant and vulgar evangelist, it is so far pardonable in that it is accompanied with sincere conviction. But with these of whom we speak it is the sneer of the Sadducee. In the turn of a phase a volume of unbelief is dexterously intimated. We believe all this to be the withering of the branch severed from the root. The blight attacks first the extremities. But the work begins when the idea of the historic continuity of the Church—its apostolity—was rejected. When men undertook to frame a Church polity out of their own reading of the Scripture, the severance began. It changed that Scripture from a record into an oracle. It has begun to find that it can read that oracle according to its own devices. It has already come to question whether there be any other truth than that which it puts into the lips of the Pythoness. And the result is found in this spirit of derision which is already shown in the secular press, and in the utterances of those who claim to be the leaders of modern thought.

The *Ledger* thinks in our estimates the "Good" should be reckoned also, and says:

To expose goodness has come to be regarded as much the province of journalism as it is to chronicle the errors, short-comings and vices of the human race. But the computation is not so easy. It is a good deal like the weather reports. The estimate of damages done by a great storm is soon made up in round figures, and even its effects upon future harvests are matters of calculation. But *accuracy* counts up from day to day what the fine weather is doing; there is no estimate of the sunshine and the beneficial forces of genial winds. The moral forces work as silently as unobtrusively. In the midst of what may be called the explosive records of defalcation, the various forms of manslaughter—whether by the premeditation of carelessness in the railway accident, or the violence of human passions—poisoning, by the deliberate suicide, the ignorance of a druggist's clerk, or otherwise—in the midst of these the steady pressure of private and public benevolence, of lives spent in doing good, is not so much noted as felt when each decade is compared with what has gone before. Such work as that of William Welsh is but rarely reckoned until the vacant place shows the loss. Yet the ever-widening circles such men create, and the inspiration of lives whose every day is a religion, continue and endure. If the story is told but once of such as these, the summing up of what is not told is as impossible as the story of the fair days in the year. They may be numbered, they cannot be estimated.

The *Watchman* says:

It is easy and very convenient to say that the weak ever did and always will go under; that the iron heel of strength has always pressed on the neck of weakness; that such is the law of nature; that weakness and its progeny of poverty and crime are inevitable; as if it were an absolution of the less unfortunate from any duty or relation to the evil. But, on the contrary, our Saviour, in saying to His disciples, "The poor ye have with you always," reminded them thereby of the perpetuity of their obligations to the unfortunate, that, as His disciples, they had a special, lasting commission to minister to the weak, to help them in their infirmities, to lift them up. In this *unselfishness* is the fundamental difference between the civilization of Christianity and heathenism. It is even the *little leaven* of Christ's spirit among men that has wrought the present amelioration of life and manners.

The heaviest penalties, the direst punishments of humanity, are the legitimate fruits of selfishness. "Nobody cares for me, and I care for nobody," is, in the main, the axiom of man and man, and the exceptions only prove the main fact in social history. In other words, the philosophy and spirit of Christ's teachings and example are not appreciated, not practiced, and do not control the hearts and lives of men. Our civilization is selfish; it is not *half* Christianized. This may seem a hard saying, but it is true, and the evidence is around us everywhere. We need not go away off for it, but only look at things at home, under the shadow of our own houses; the children of neglect, sorrow and crime, the weak who are crushed beneath the hard, relentless march of the strong, and sink beneath the unequal strife, furnish startling proof.

A correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer* thinks religious advertising has been abused, and says:

Protestantism means anything, everything, or nothing. But I protest in earnest against the flaunting of the sacred name of Christian

in the newspapers as a recommendation for employment. Distrust such piety as seeks to transmute itself into gold.

Recently, a woman sought a position as house servant who made prominent the fact of her membership of a Christian church. The minister knew her well, and would speak highly of her, she said. The first article appearing from her trunk was a well-worn Bible. The creed of her church was in a pamphlet beside it, and the remark was dropped that she was purposing to look out the proof-texts of her creed. Each evening her Bible was in her hands. A service of the church could not be missed. The paper which is most used by these self-advertising Christians, she thought, "ought to be taken by all good people." A few weeks sufficed to prove her untruthful, impudent, and a mischief-maker. She had been notified of her dismissal. Very angry, she desired to argue the question. Other considerations not avail, she said: "Well, I am a Christian woman, I trust." "Your Christian character is not in question," replied her employer; "you are not satisfactory as a servant; and there is no other question open between us."

There is as little sense in this trumpeting of personal Christian character as in the somewhat awkward paragraph which is said to have appeared in a newspaper (probably Hibernian) a few years ago: "WANTED.—A man to take care of a horse of a religious turn of mind." "An infidel wanting employment" and so advertising in one of our New York dailies, receives this encouragement from the editor: "The advertiser will fail of employ, not so much because he is an avowed atheist as because he is an evident ass." But perhaps the lack of wisdom is not so much more evident in the proclaimer of infidelity than in those who blazon abroad their Christianity.

Religious Miscellany.

In the entire world there are, according to the Methodist Almanac, 95,835 Methodist preachers, and 4,383,888 lay-members.

Ten Baptist ministers laboring in Italy had a place in the funeral procession of King Victor Emanuel, carrying banners inscribed "United Italy."

The Reformed (Dutch) Foreign Mission Board has received for the nine months of the present fiscal year \$36,564, as against \$34,522 in the same time last year. The sum of \$54,000 is needed by April 30th, to meet all the expenses of the year.

President E. P. Tenny says the Roman Catholic Church spends \$600,000 a year upon the freedmen, and counts 150,000 of them in her schools. It has nearly 10,000 young men in its higher schools and seminaries; with 750 professors, chiefly Jesuits. There are 500,000 scholars in its schools of lower grade. There are seven religious orders of men, and 36 of women to whom this work is committed.

Dr. Begg has moved in the Presbytery of Edinburgh for an overture to the Free Church Assembly asking for the appointment of a special commission to ascertain to what extent rationalism, such as the Continental Reformed Churches have been pervaded with, exists among the Presbyterians of Scotland, and how it may be counteracted. Sir Henry Moncrieff opposed the motion on the ground, that it would prejudice the pending heresy case.

In England and Wales there is one clergyman to 718 of the population; in the United States there is one to each 879; in Russia there is a priest to each 323 of the population; in France there is one priest, monk, or minister, to 235 laymen; in Italy there is one to 143 of the people; and in Spain, one to 54. The whole number of men included in the clerical profession in England and Wales is 31,932; in the United States it is 43,862; in Russia, 253,081; in France, 153,629; in Italy, 190,000; and in Spain, 315,777.

Educational Notes.

Union Theological Seminary, in forty years, has sent out 1,235 clergy, 124 of whom are foreign missionaries.

Princeton has a great many post graduates this year. There are thirty attending Dr. McCosh's lectures on philosophy.

A number of Harvard Seniors have had the privilege of voluntary recitations taken away from them by the faculty, and others have been warned.

The new German university established at Strasburg, has about seven hundred students, those of theology being the fewest, numbering only 40 against 170 in medicine, and a still larger number in philosophy.

California has a school population of 200,000. The number in the public schools is 135,335, and the average attendance is 89,539. There are 3,167 teachers, 1,983 of whom are women.

The widow of Dr. Rimbault, a celebrated musical antiquary of London, has received an offer for the purchase of the Doctor's library, from an American gentleman, who wishes to present it to the Boston Public Library.

The American Education Society has been in existence sixty-two years, and has aided 6,538 men, at an expense of \$1,800,000, or less than \$300 for each. At least 2,500 of these ministers are now alive and serving the churches.

The Faculty of Michigan University have resolved not to graduate any students who may, on class day, act with disrespect toward the Faculty. This course is reported to have been made necessary by the former insulting remarks of the class historian and seer.

There is a bill abolishing the Bible in schools under consideration in the Wisconsin Legislature, but there is no probability that it will be passed. The committee ordered to consider ex-Governor Washburn's gift of property for an industrial school for girls, have reported that there is at present no necessity for such an institution, and that they recommend Governor Smith respectfully to decline the gift.

The preparations are now complete for the great International Sunday School Convention, which is to be held at Atlanta, Ga., on the 17th, 18th and 19th of April. The convention will be a delegated one, and if all the delegations from the various States attend in full force it will be about twice as large as Congress.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

EASTERN SYNOD.

At a special meeting of the Mercersburg Classis, held in Martinsburg, Pa., on the 22d of February, the licentiate, J. David Miller, was received from the Philadelphia Classis. A call to him from the Martinsburg charge was confirmed, and a committee appointed to ordain him to the work of the ministry and install him pastor over the charge. The duty assigned the committee was attended to on the evening of the 22d of February. Rev. Dr. S. R. Fisher preached the sermon. The chairman of the committee, the Rev. M. H. Sangree, conducted the ordination service, and the installation act was attended to by the Rev. E. N. Kremer.

The audience present was large, and the whole services deeply solemn and interesting. The charge has been recently reconstructed. It now consists of St. John's church at Martinsburg, and St. Luke's church in Woodcock Valley, Huntingdon county, eight miles from Martinsburg. It is an important and promising field of labor, and the pastor enters upon his duties in it, under circumstances which are full of encouragement. His post-office address is "Martinsburg, Blair county, Pa."

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The students of the Mercersburg Female College, of which the Rev. Jacob Hassler is Principal, recently gave a Musical and Literary entertainment. The exercises consisted of solos, essays, songs, duets, quartets, a salutary address, and a dialogue specially prepared for the occasion, in which eight of the pupils took part. The entertainment was quite a success. The friends and patrons of the institution were much gratified at the evidence afforded them of the progress of the pupils in their studies.

WESTERN CHURCH.

At a communion held in the Paris church, of which the Rev. J. J. Leberman, of Louisville, Ohio, is pastor, on the 17th of February, nineteen

Youth's Department.

WHEN GRANDMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

When you were a little girl? It seems
The very queerest thing
To think our Grandma wore a bib,
And drove the cat with a string!
Did you have a hat in summer time
With a great broad brim like mine?
And didn't it hang at the back of your neck
When you wanted to smell the shine?
How could you ever be "seen and not heard"!
And didn't you romp or fuss?
And wasn't fun as funny then?
To you as it is to us?
What kind of a doll did you rock to sleep?
An old-fashioned one, I know,
Did you have a house? O Grandma, say,
Did you ever stomp your toe?
To think you were a little girl!
It don't seem one bit true!
I'd rather keep on having fun,
And playing the way through.
How big was Santa then, and did
Your Grandma trim the tree,
And say "my baby" all the same,
And you as old as me?
Dear! but I'm tired in my head
With wondering all about
This Grandma; why she didn't stay
A girl, I can't find out.
I guess I know a place of rest,
Now sing and pet my curls,
I wouldn't give my Grandma up
For a big round world of girls!

THE STOLEN MELONS.

When I was a child my father lived on a large farm. There were great fields of potatoes and corn and buck-wheat; there were splendid old woods, where we children used to go after wild flowers in the spring and nuts in the fall; and the farm-house was so large that I think a city child would have lost himself in it if he had tried to go over it without a guide. My father was a large, healthy, cheerful man; but poor mamma was an invalid. I cannot remember a time when she was not very delicate, and almost always confined to her room. She was very patient and sweet, and the neighbors used to come to her for comfort and advice. Some of the people said that they got more help from mother than from the minister, and I shouldn't wonder if they did; for they often looked much happier in her room than they did in church. But mother was shut away from all the world, and had more chance to talk with God and the angels than most people; and I suppose that was why she could say so many comforting things.

When I was ten years old, and a strong, hearty boy for my age, a family by the name of Hartley moved into an old house on one corner of our farm. There were six of the children—a row of little tow-headed creatures, from six months up to fourteen years old, but the one I knew best was Jim. He was exactly my age, and was a sort of cripple. One of his legs was shorter than the other, and this misfortune kept him from playing much with the other boys, and brought down a great deal of ridicule upon him. I suppose that was one reason why he was so cross and ugly and tantalizing. Jimmy had an uncommon talent for drawing; but nobody took any notice of the little pictures that he made upon his slate or on stray bits of paper. Indeed, the teacher often scolded him, and sometimes gave him a slap for drawing when he ought to be studying grammar or arithmetic. But Jim hated to study and hated to work; so he was always in disgrace at school and at home, and was considered one of the worst boys in the neighborhood.

My father had given me a melon-patch, and the year after Jimmy came to live near us, it bore remarkably well. I intended to sell enough melons to buy me a tool-chest, for I had a decided turn for mechanics, and was always making something or other with my jack-knife. There had been a good many melons stolen in the neighborhood, but I had always been generous with our fruit of every kind, and I did not think there was a boy who would steal from me. But I was sadly disappointed. One morning I got up early, and went out to look at my treasures; the sun was just rising. I hurried along, planning what wonderful things I would do with my new tools, and did not look up, so busy was I with my thoughts, till I was at the very edge of the field. You can imagine my surprise and grief when I

saw the ground all trampled over, and did not see any melons. I ran home, crying all the way, and told a pitiful story.

"I know who took 'em," said the hired man; "it was that Hartley boy and a gang of fellows that he brought with him."

"If you can prove that Jim Hartley stole the melons," said father, "I will see that he leaves this neighborhood. I'm not going to have any thieves around, mixing up with my boys."

When I told mother about my loss, and repeated to her what father said, she looked very sorry.

"If poor Jim is proven a thief now," she said, "he will never get over it. Nobody will trust him again."

"But, mamma, if he is a thief," I replied, "ought he to be trusted?"

"Bring me the little drawing you showed me the other day," she said, not noticing my question. I brought the picture—a drawing of Jimmy's mother teaching her baby to walk. Mother looked at it a minute; then she said:

"Go to Jim; don't say a word about what has happened; but tell him that I want to talk with him about giving him lessons in drawing; be careful, and don't let him suspect that you think he took up the melons."

I listened to my mother with astonishment; but I obeyed her strictly, and succeeded in getting Jim to go home with me. He went into mother's room with his head down and his cheeks red with blushes. Mother sat in her armchair; she was dressed in white, and looked, I think, very much as we imagine the angels look, for there didn't seem to be a trace of anything but goodness about her. She held Jim's drawing in her hand, and when the boy looked at her, she said:

"Come here, my child, I want to tell you how much this picture pleases me—" I don't know what it was, mother's look or her voice, or whether it was because she said, "my child"—at any rate, when she finished that sentence, poor Jim just threw himself on the floor near her, and burst out sobbing and crying. Mother spoke to him again in her sweet tones, and in a minute or two he rose to his feet, and said:

"Oh, Mrs. Grey, I am so sorry! I stole Charley's melons last night—me and the other boys—you won't think any more of me now, but I'm just as much obliged to you for praising my little picture. Good-bye, ma'am."

He turned to go to the door, but mother called him to her side.

"My child," she said again, in her pitying tones. "I shall have something to say to you about the melons by-and-by, but now I want to talk to you about your drawing. There are very few boys who can draw as well as this at your age even when they have had lessons. If you want to try to learn drawing, and earn money to help your mother and little brothers and sisters, I will get you a teacher as soon as you choose to begin. I know a young lady who will be glad to teach you, and you shall have your lessons here in this room."

Jimmy couldn't say a word; his joy and surprise and humility were so great. The tears kept falling over his cheeks, and his face trembled, and sobs filled his throat. At last he said, "Thank you, ma'am," and went suddenly out of the room.

Mother had a long talk with father after that, and nothing more was said about the melons. Jimmy went regularly to his drawing lessons, and his naughtiness seemed to turn into beautiful little pictures, for he began to change immediately, and before a year had passed, he didn't seem like the same boy.

"Was it because you were good to him?" I said to mother one day.

"People are often bad," said she, "because the good in them doesn't have a chance to show itself. It is the same as if a stream that ought to turn a mill should overflow its banks and destroy the farm."

Jimmy went on steadily with his drawing under mother's supervision, and one happy day came to me with a little sum of money that he had earned by copying some draughts for an architect.

"This is to pay for the melons," he

said, blushing deeply. I blushed as red as he, and put the money in my pocket without a word.

Not long after this the saddest of all changes took place in our family. My darling mother went to heaven. Though man loved her, none mourned for her more passionately than Jimmy; "for," said he, "she was the first one who was ever good to me."—*Christian Observer.*

THE YOUNG FIREMAN.

Johnnie Hobart was an obedient boy, who tried in every way to lessen his mother's labors, and help his father support the family. One day the father, a locomotive engineer, was killed, and wanted entered the cottage door. Johnnie did not know what to do. He sat down behind a large snow-plow at the station, and burst into tears. For some time he sat there alone, when a hearty voice sounded in his ears, "Why, Johnnie, my boy, it is always darkest just before day; here is light ahead." The truthful grey eyes turned to the speaker, who was a tried friend of his father's, and an employee on the same road.

"You are just the lad I was looking for," he continued. "One of our train hands has been dismissed as unworthy, and we want Johnnie Hobart to fill the vacancy."

Most gratefully he accepted the offer, and faithfully discharged every duty, winning thereby the confidence of all.

This happened many years ago, and if we should meet Johnnie now, we should find him in a position of great usefulness and trust. Step by step our young fireman advanced until he reached the office of Superintendent, honored by all who knew him.

The little cottage has been exchanged for a desirable home of his own, and he is thus enabled by the means honestly gained, to provide those so dear to him with many luxuries and comforts.—*Christian Mirror.*

NOT SORRY.

You will not be sorry for hearing before judging;

For thinking before speaking;
For being an angry tongue;
For stopping the ear to a tale-bearer;
For disbelieving most of the floating scandal;

For refusing to kick a fallen man;
For being kind to the distressed;
For being patient toward everybody;
For doing good to all men;
For walking uprightly before God;
For lending to the Lord;
For laying up treasure in heaven;
For asking pardon for all wrongs;
For speaking evil of no one;
For being courteous to all.

LITTLE THINGS.

The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction; a mosquito can make an elephant absolutely mad; the coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms; the warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms, may be killed by an insect; the deepest wretchedness often results from a continuance of petty pains; a chance look from those we love often produces exquisite pain, or unalloyed pleasure.

THE GAME OF FAGOT-GATHERING.

There is a jolly in-door game for the winter called "fagot-gathering," which has been described in print before, but it makes so much fun that many who have never heard of it will be glad if we tell about it here.

First you take some slips of paper, as many as there are players, and on one of them you write "Fagot-Gatherer;" on each of the rest you write either "good wood" or "snapper," making three times as many "good woods" as "snappers." Of course, anybody who knows about wood fires will see that this is because some sticks will burn quietly and brightly, while others will crack and snap and fly without the least warning. You put the papers into a hat and each player takes one, telling nobody what is written on it. Every one then

sits as near to the wall as possible, leaving a clear space in the middle of the room, and the player who has chosen the "Fagot-Gatherer" slip proceeds in a business-like way to bundle the fagots. He or she chooses four or five girls and boys, standing them together to represent a fagot, and then makes similar groups of the rest in other parts of the room. This done, he begins to "bind the fagots" by walking slowly around each group, making with his arms such motions as a real fagot-binder would make. The "sticks" are quiet until the binder lets his arms fall, but then comes a sudden change; the "good woods" run to their seats, but the "snappers" chase the "binder," and try to touch him before he can begin to bind another "fagot;" but failing in this, they have to go and mourn among the "good woods." Then the binding of the second "fagot" goes on like that of the first. But when a "fagot-gatherer" is touched, the "snapper" takes the place of the "gatherer," who goes and rests himself. The game ends when all the "fagots" have been used up in this way, and is then begun again by another selection of papers from the hat. The fun is in the frights and surprises of the "fagot-gatherer," who, of course, does not know who is a "good wood" and who is a "snapper;" and all do their best to avoid betraying themselves. If you have a good big room and lots of players, you will find this game as full of fun as you can wish.—*St. Nicholas.*

HIS FIRST SIN.

A young man whose mother died when he was quite young, being abandoned by his father, has striven for the last ten years to make an honest living in Chicago. On account of the dull times in business, he lost his situation, and after being disappointed day after day in getting employment, and being driven to desperation for something to wear and for something to eat, fell into bad company, and though the advice of his evil comrades, he was persuaded to snatch a lady's pocket-book, was discovered in the act of stealing, arrested by a policeman, taken to a police-station, and sentenced by the court to thirty days of hard labor in a prison.

That was his first sin, and it was a terrible sin, but a worse punishment. The stain of the sin not only displeased God, but disgraced himself, the effect of which will not be easily forgotten, and wiped out.

My dear boys and girls who read this little account of a poor, wicked, homeless boy, be very careful that you do not sin likewise, or in some other way break the commandments of God, but love and obey God, your parents and kind friends, and you will not only grow to be satisfied with yourself in the main, but you will be an honor to God, a blessing to society, and great pleasure to all your friends and acquaintances. May God keep all the boys and girls who read this article, in His commandments.—*Interior.*

"FOR ME."

Little Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright, black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight neat form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day, that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to Him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," which she learned at school.

"Well, what is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No, it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her, and she loved Him back again with all her heart.

Now, if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe His

kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love Him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.—*The Morning Light.*

THE LAMB IN THE SKY.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

"There is a lamb," the children said;—
Sweet in the grass they saw it lie,
But the baby lifted the goldenest head,
And looked for the lamb in the sky.

Then the children laughed as they saw him look
At the high white clouds, but I know not
why—
For (have I not read in a beautiful Book?)
There is a lamb in the sky.

THE THUNDER GOD'S SICKLE.

According to popular belief in Germany, the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment on the spot where the rainbow is drinking can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there, the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds. Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Suabia. It broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it. At Tubingen people used to run to the end of the rainbow, which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinach, to secure the golden dish. Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which should be retained as an heirloom in the family, for it brings good fortune. A shepherd in the Suabian Alps once found such a dish, and he never afterward lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Heubach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot. Small round gold coins, marked with a cross or star, are frequently found in Suabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest the rainbow was given a golden goblet, which it afterward dropped. A shoe thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex. When a double rainbow is seen Suabian peasants say the devil would like to imitate the rainbow, but he cannot succeed. The Esthonians called it "The Thunder God's Sickle." A theory existed in the Middle Ages that the rainbow would cease to appear a certain number of years before the last judgment, and Hugo von Trimber, in an old German poem, mentions forty years as the prescribed time.—*The Interior.*

Pleasantries.

This is bad weather for the boys. The sap still remains in the peach tree sprouts, and one of them will stand for four or five good thrashings.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An organ was some time ago introduced in a parish church in the north of Scotland, and some of the members took offence and left. One of these soon after met another member and inquired "how the organ was gettin' on?" "O fine," was the answer; "jist blawin' awa the chaff an' keepin' the corn."

A sad, sweet smile went wandering around a pious congregation in this city last Sunday morning, when the good pastor with tender and solemn intonation read, "Do men gather thorns of grains, or thigs of fistles?" And he couldn't for the life of him imagine what they were smiling at.—*Hawkeye.*

Four years ago a man housed a poor tramp one cold night, and filled him full of wholesome provender in the morning. Last week he got a letter from that same vagabond, enclosing a five-dollar counterfeit bill, which he had carried off with some good money. He hadn't been able to pass it in all his travels, and conscience wouldn't let him cheat his benefactor out of the interest any longer.

General News.

HOME.

The public debt statement for February shows a reduction of \$2,250,281.

The one hundredth anniversary of the order for the Continental Army to march to Doylestown, Bucks Co., Pa., was celebrated with much enthusiasm in that place on the 1st instant.

The Silver Bill has been passed by both branches of Congress over the veto of the President. The mints are being put in order, and the first lot of new dollars will be put into circulation within two weeks. The new coin is thus described: The obverse of the coin bears a free cut head of Liberty crowned with Phrygian cap, decorated with wheat and cotton, the staples of the country; the legend "E Pluribus Unum;" thirteen stars, and the year of coinage. On the reverse, surrounded by an olive wreath, is an eagle with outspreading wings, bearing in his talons a branch of olive and a bundle of arrows, emblems of peace and war; the inscription, "U. S. of America" and "one dollar;" and the motto, "In God we trust." This specimen, while it possesses all the requirements of law in device and superscription, has been selected not only for the beauty of its design, but also for the exceptionally low relief of the devices, insuring protection from abrasion and enabling them to be brought up in striking a minimum pressure. The new dollars will be turned out at the rate of 3,500,000 per month.

FOREIGN.

The public debt of France amounts to 23,403,000,000 francs, and after it in order of importance is that of Great Britain, which is 19,600,000,000; of Spain, 10,243,000,000; Italy, 9,883,000,000; Russia, 9,445,000,000; Austria, 6,810,000,000; Turkey, 4,928,000,000; Belgium, 942,000,000, and Switzerland, which only owes 31,000,000 francs.

LONDON, March 2.—The *Times* has the following from Rome: "The Italian government has warned the Vatican authorities, through the Inspector of Police, that it could take no measures to prevent a possible disturbance at the Pope's coronation, as the Pope did not recognize the King of Italy. The Vatican is indignant, and it has been decided that the coronation shall be strictly private. An understanding between the Papacy and Italy is as far off as ever."

ROME, Feb. 27.—Cardinal McCloskey, presenting his homage to the Pope yesterday, said he had no reason to deplore the lateness of his arrival in Rome, as the conclave had made so excellent a choice. It is announced, that the coronation of Pope Leo XIII. will take place on Sunday next in the Sistine chapel. All the new appointments to Pontifical court offices will be made by the end of the week, to be in readiness for the coronation. Cardinal Simeoni has been reappointed and confirmed in his post as Pontifical Secretary of State. An editorial note of the *Press* says: The irreconcilable and Jesuit parties have been strenuously working to obtain this confirmation.

LONDON, March 3.—The following announcement of the conclusion of peace between Russia and Turkey was received to-night, dated Constantinople, Sunday night, March 3: "The treaty of peace has been signed. The Grand Duke Nicholas announced the fact to the soldiers at a review at St. Stefano to-day. Russia has abandoned her demands on the Egyptian and Bulgarian tributes."

The *Times*' St. Petersburg and Pera correspondents confirm the report that the treaty of peace has been signed. At St. Petersburg the enthusiasm over the news of peace was almost unprecedented. There was an immense crowd before the Palace, shouting and singing "God save the Czar." The Pera correspondent says the treaty of peace was signed on Saturday. Thirty-one thousand troops were reviewed at San Stefano. A Te Deum was sung amid great enthusiasm.

A correspondent of the *Times* at San Stefano is able to state that neither the surrender of a portion of a portion of the Turkish fleet, nor a claim on the Egyptian tribute is included in the conditions of peace, and there is no interference with the portion of the Turkish revenue which is hypothecated to foreign creditors. Nothing is definitely settled relative to indemnity, but it will principally be in the form of territory in Asia, including Kars and Batoum, not Erzeroum. Salonica and Adrianople are not included in Bulgaria.

The *Daily Telegraph*'s Pera correspondent professes to give the conditions of peace. He makes the indemnity fully as heavy as was reported on February 26, viz.: 1,400 million roubles, with forty million sterling in bonds added. The *Telegraph*'s list of conditions is obviously incomplete.

Acknowledgments.

HOME MISSIONS.

Reed per Rev H. Mosser, from St Paul's Men Ref ch, Reading	\$43 00
Rev H. Mosser, from Christ's ch SS, Annsville	30 90
Rev H. Mosser, from St John's ch, S. Haven, for Iowa	9 00
Rev C. Clever, Treas from Zion ch, N. Providence	3 30
Rev C. Clever, Treas, from St Paul's ch, Quarryville	2 39
Wm A. Wilt, Treas, from Hanover chge	50 00
Rev Wm Goodrich, Clearspring, Md., from Mrs. Sarah Mish, \$10.00; Com. col, Clearspring cong, \$13.30; Com. col, St Paul's cong, \$10.00; Com. col, St Paul's chge, \$1.40;	
Rev Wm M. Deatrick, from Mont Alto chge	34 40
Rev H. Mosser, Treas, from Schwartzwald chge, \$18.50; Alsace, \$9.00; Walmer's cong, \$12.50;	40 00
Rev H. Diefenderfer, pastor of Pine Crk chge, Armstrong Co, for immediate relief	8 00
W. A. Wilt, Treas from Canawago chge	10 02
Rev H. King, from Bellefonte chge, for immediate relief	13 25
Rev A. C. Geary, from Mount Moriah, Md. chge	17 28
Elias Shellenberger, Treas, from S. Easton cong, .60c; Durham chge, \$10.00; Kiegelsville chge, \$19.14; Sellersville chge, \$64.00; Friedensburg chge, .80c;	
Wm. H. Seibert, Treas.	94 54
	\$375 18

MISSIONS GENERAL SYNOD.

Silada, Feb. 28th, 1878. Received of F. J. Craig, Treasurer of Pittsburgh Synod, Fifty dollars, for Missions in Iowa Classis, \$50 00. Chas. Santee, Treasurer of the Board of Home Missions General Synod.

THE MESSENGER.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S CHOCOLATE AND COCOA.

These Preparations have been the standard of purity and excellence for nearly one hundred years, and have gained a world-wide reputation. They are pure, nutritious, and healthy. Cocoa contains as much flesh-forming matter as beef.



Broma, an excellent food for Invalids, and unrivalled in delicacy and aroma. Breakfast Cocoa, — a general favorite. Baker's No. 1 Chocolate, the very best preparation of plain Chocolate in the market. Vanilla Chocolate, unsurpassed in flavor and quality.

Awarded the highest premium at the Paris, Vienna and Philadelphia Expositions.

SUP'TS MORNING

HOME MISSIONS.

Rev Dr W A Helfrich	\$25 00
Rev Dr G Wolff	70 63
Rev Dr F W Kremer's School	50 00
Rev L K Derr	15 00
Rev A S Leisse	12 45
Rev R S Appel	18 00
Rev W H Herbert	15 00
Rev A B Shenkel	23 50
Rev J Ault	12 00
	\$241 58
BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.	
Rev Dr G Wolff	\$50 00

LETTER LIST.

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THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Mar. 6th, 1878. [The prices here given are wholesale.]

FLOUR. Wheat, Superfine.....	\$4.25 @ \$4.50
" Extra Family.....	6.00 @ \$6.25
" Fancy.....	6.12 @ \$6.75
Rye.....	3.74 @ \$3.50
Corn meal.....	2.80 @ \$3.00
Buckwheat meal.....	2.00 @ \$2.50
GRAIN. Wheat, White.....	1.35 @ \$1.40
" Red.....	1.33 @ \$1.35
Rye.....	68 @ 70
Corn, Yellow.....	45 @ \$53
" White.....	51 @ \$53
Oats.....	33 @ \$34
Barley.....	86 @ \$85
GROCERIES. Sugar, Cuba.....	78 @ \$75
" Refined cut loaf.....	104 @ \$10.50
" crushed.....	10 @ \$10
" powdered.....	92 @ \$10
" granulated.....	92 @ \$92
" A.....	92 @ \$10
Coffee, Rio.....	14 @ \$18
" Maracaibo.....	gold 172 @ \$18
" Laguna.....	gold 152 @ \$17
" Java.....	gold 202 @ \$23
PROVISIONS. Mess Pork.....	10.50 @ \$11.50
Dried Beef.....	13 @ \$14
Sugar cured Hams.....	94 @ \$10
Lard.....	68 @ 7
Butter, Roll extra.....	21 @ \$25
Butter, Roll Common.....	19 @ \$21
Prints, extra.....	35 @ \$40
" Common.....	30 @ \$34
" Grease.....	7 @ 8
Eggs.....	15 @ \$16
SEEDS. Clover.....	6.50 @ \$12
Timothy.....	1.45 @ \$1.48
Flax.....	1.45 @ \$1.42
PLASTER. White.....	3.00 @ \$3.25
Blue.....	2.57 @ \$3.00

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